Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

AND BULLETIN;

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Written for the Casket.

THE MOTHER TO HER FIRST BORN.

By Mrs. Jane E. Locke.

Sad heritor art thou,
My beauteous boy,
Yet never may'st thou bow,
To earth's alloy.

Thine was no princely birth,
No glitt'ring royalty,
Or dignities of earth,
Waited on thee.

No tissue counterpanes,
Thy cradle bed;
Or tinsel drapery shades,
Thy infant head.

Ungartered and unstarred,
Thy father's line;
Yet a proud name, unmarred,
My boy, is thine.

Preserve it pure and free,
On glory's page;
'Tis all we have for thee—
Thy heritage.

A lowly lot, my son,
Thine own may be;
A dark and dreary one,
Thy destiny.

It pains my heart to give
Thee to the world,
So fair, to see thee live
By fashion whirled:

Its cold repulsive breath,
Thy heart may rive;
Or folly's flowering wreath,
Thy spirit gyve.

Fain would I hold thee back,
My infant, still,
Lest manhood's widened track,
Be choked with ill.

But go, the God of heaven
Will be thy guide,
To Him thy hopes be given,
And firm abide.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ICABOD SOUTHCOAT.

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.
SHAKSPEARE.

When I look back through the mist and smoke of nearly half a century, and call up before me the images of those who have long, long since been gathered to their fathers, no one of that by gone time appears to my recollection with such truth and freshness, as he whose cognomen is placed at the head of this article. His gigantic stature and Falstaff rotundity, his hoary and shaggy eyebrows, his long hair hanging in curls about his shoulders, his long white beard, and then his coat, cut in an antediluvian fashion, his cocked hat and his huge shoe buckles, all appear before me as if I had actually gazed upon him but yesterday. Nor, perhaps, is it strange that he should be remembered when others are forgotten, for there was *something* so peculiar, so vastly singular in his countenance, something so unlike what one could see in any other "human face divine," that time, though his long fingers are constantly making sad work on the tablet of one's memory, could never entirely obliterate the impression which one sight of him was sure to leave. By some anomaly or freak of nature, his risible organs had been so organized or constructed, that when he felt *serious* or *sad* they indicated *laughter*. He had the appearance of a person vainly endeavoring to suppress some laughter exciting emotion; and the more serious he felt, the more ludicrous became his countenance. What was equally extraordinary, when he *laughed* he appeared to *cry*. Attraction and repulsion are not more opposed to each other than his countenance and disposition. His disposition was morose and gloomy, hence he generally appeared "grinning a gastly smile;" and had he been as vicious as his countenance was ludicrous, it might truly have been said of him, that "he could smile and smile and be a villain." I have said he possessed a gigantic stature—I am sure, in point of size, he would have made a suitable husband for the Queen of Wertemburg. His strength, too, was quite as extraordinary as his size, and had he accompanied Belzoni in his researches, not a pyramid, temple, or catacomb, would have been left unopened in Egypt. Of his early history I know but little. When a lad his parents wished to give him an education, and sent him to school, but his comic physiognomy operated so sympathetically upon the scholars generally, that but few if any sober faces could be seen in school. In vain the teacher reprimanded them for their unmannerly infractions of his rules, and commanded order; for they found it a much more practicable business to disobey him, than to restrain the exercise of their risible propensities in the presence of the mirth inspiring countenance of Icabod. Perceiving his orders and admonitions alike inefficient, the teacher next tried the virtues of the "dunce block and ferula," the "magic of switch," and several other means of punishment, more used in those interesting days than at present, but all to no purpose; Icabod had to be taken from school, and be satisfied with the little learning he could acquire at home without an instructor. At an early age Icabod was put to the tailoring business, and after following it for several years finally abandoned it, for two reasons—first, he had waxed so fat that he could no longer sit cross-legged; and secondly, an alteration had been made in the fashions, which excited his special indignation, and he vowed that rather than submit to such an uncalled for innovation in the excellent and time honored fashions, he would instantly abandon the business, and never again become a knight of the goose and thimble. He pursued the business, however, long enough to completely belie the antiquated adage, that nine tailors make one man; although in these degenerate days, I opine, it would take even more than that number of corseted dandy tailors to make one such man as Icabod Southcoat.

We next find him one of a company who was about to undertake an exploring expedition in the western part of New York, then inhabited almost entirely by Indians. They proceeded in their enterprise without the intervention of any obsticles or incidents, worthy of record, till they arrived on the border of Lake Ontario. Here, while laying encamped for the night, they were attacked by a party of hostile Indians, and after a most obstinate resistance, were all slain with the exception of Southcoat and one Smith, and they were made prisoners. Though opposed by numbers of four to one against them, Southcoat and his friends fought with the most determined bravery—particularly the former, who cut up the enemy with as much *sang froid* as he formerly had a piece of home-spun cloth, and done it, too, with as smiling a countenance. The Indians were so incensed at the reception they met, that they resolved to torture their prisoners without loss of time. This was to be commenced by inserting small splinters of pitch-pine knots in the flesh, and then communicating fire to them. Every thing was in readiness, and the operators began their work; but here Southcoat had reason to congratulate himself on the peculiarity of his countenance, for the chief of the Indians perceiving him look upon them and their means of torture with an apparent smile of contempt and defiance, very naturally ascribed it to an invincible courage, and ordered him to be unbound. He forthwith christened him the "Big Buffalo, and adopted him in the tribe; while Smith was sacrificed to their vengeance. They took Southcoat several hundred miles with them, to the west, where he continued with them for many years; but finally escaped, and returned to his friends, in the town of ——, on the North River.

He now resolved to figure in an entirely new business—unless than in one of the learned professions. True, he was unfitted for it by any previous reading or education; still he had seen with what avidity the poorer and more ignorant class of the community grasped at it, and swallowed every kind of medicine of reputed *Indian* origin, and determined to be a doctor—a real "root and yarb doctor." His observations and reflections had convinced him, that no profession or business offered such facilities for deception and imposition as the practice of medicine. Most other callings and professions are sufficiently comprehended by the mass of mankind, to enable them to judge of one's qualifications and pretentions; but in medicine the reverse is the case; the causes of disease, the influence of the mind upon it, and the operation of remedies are so enveloped in mystery and obscurity, that none but those who have consumed years in studying the human system, its structure, laws, and economy, are qualified to judge of the merits of a physician. The very language of the science is perfectly unintelligible to people in general. These facts determined him to select the medical profession as the field of his future exploits. He had heard of marvellous cures having been performed by *bread* pills, and resolved to profit by it. He procured himself a huge pair of saddle bags, and filled them with various kinds of roots, barks, bread pills, to which he gave Indian names of "learned length and thundering sound." Though most of his materia medica was a farrago of inert simples, he had not failed to procure from the druggist some "potecary doctor stuff," whose active qualities were by no means of so doubtful a character—such as various kinds of emetics, cathartics, &c. These last articles, however, were carefully combined with the former, whenever he prescribed them, in order to conceal them from his patients. Thus, in a bottle full of water he would put some simple root and a sufficient emetic tartar or blue vitriol to render it an active emetic. This was his *Indian emetic root*. In a similar manner were all his "potecary" medicines disguised, and their active qualities ascribed to the root, bark, &c., with which they were united. He extolled to the skies the medical skill of the Indians, the marvellous cures he had seen them perform, and denounced with much warmth and severity "rigilar doctors." "The *lancet*," said he, "has slain more than the lance, and '*calamy*' more than the consumption." Thus prepared, he began

——"The grand attack,
With powders, pill, and piece."

And in a short time acquired a degree of notoriety, which but few of the M.D.s could boast of. People, (I mean that class who believe in witchcraft and demonology,) began to think that Dr. Southcoat had actually discovered a new and shorter avenue to the Temple of Æsculapius, and many a one who had mended under the use of his bread pills, spoke "trumpet tongued" in his favor. He soon discovered that of all parts of the system, the stomach was infinitely the most subject to chronic disease, and produced a train of symptoms that were quite regular and uniform. Hence when called to a patient, instead of *inquiring* of him how he felt, he generally undertook to tell the patient his feelings by running over the catalogue of symptoms that indicate a disordered stomach. In this way he often gave his patients a pretty accurate account of their complaints, and inspired them with such a confidence in his skill as no subsequent ill success of his prescription could impair. When, however, he made a blunder in this respect, he was always ready with an apology to account for it. So, too, when he gave an opinion as to the probable termination of a disease, the Delphic Oracle, or a wary politician, could not have delivered an opinion more enigmatically. It was so guarded, and expressed with such happy ambiguity of language, that either death or recovery would alike be an evidence of his vast penetration and judgment.

Many years did the doctor pursue the duties of his profession with profit to himself, if not to his patients; but at last was obliged to relinquish it in consequence of the infirmities of age, and the difficulties of transporting his enormous "corporation" from one place to another. I need not mention that the doctor's resolution to discontinue "practice," carried consternation to the long flattered hopes of many a bed-ridden patient. Though unable any longer to administer to the various "ills that flesh is heir to," he by no means intended to deprive mankind of his valuable services; and forthwith determined to devote the remainder of his days to the special care of souls. His success as a doctor proved too clearly the credulity, the weakness, the gullibility of mankind, to allow him any doubt as to his ultimate success in the ministry. And to do him justice, he was perhaps better qualified for this profession than the former, for he had devoted considerable attention to the bible; it was in fact almost the only book he had ever read. He began his new profession by pretending he had received a special call from God to preach, and whatever he should say might be considered as the language of his master. A very convenient resource to cover one's ignorance and presumption, and one much used even in our own time. His creed originated with himself, for Icabod Southcoat was not a man to servilely adopt the opinions of others, when any thing was to be gained by rejecting them, and though it would have set at defiance the ingenuity of all Christendom, ministers and laymen, to have understood it; yet there was no lack of beings to zealously embrace it. It is a sad, a melancholy truth, and but a sorry compliment to poor humanity, that theories in religion—however wild and visionary, however absurb and revolting, whether proceeding from an Icabod Southcoat, a Jemima Wilkenson, or coming to us in the more mysterious and attractive form of a "golden book,"—will always find beings sufficiently weak and foolhardy to embrace them; nay, to seek martyrdom in their defence. Icabod soon had a numerous flock under his care, who looked up to him with profound veneration, as their spiritual head, and the founder of a system that was destined to produce a mighty revolution in the opinions of mankind. I need not allude to the artifice he had recourse to, to maintain the ascendancy he had acquired over the minds of his silly and deluded followers; suffice it to say, he was as successful in this as he had been in inspiring confidence and hope in the minds of his patients.

Curiosity once prompted me to go and hear him hold forth—it was his *last* discourse. The meeting was in the woods, where seats, &c., had been prepared for the purpose. He stood on a kind of rostrum, made by nailing boards to some saplings, and placing other boards upon them for a floor. His gigantic figure, his long white beard and flowing hair, gave him quite an imposing appearance—but his *countenance!* O, what a caricature!—why, it was a very burlesque upon solemnity. His manner, too, was vehement and impassioned—he stamped, knocked his beetle fists together, and literally foamed. His illustrations, his embellishments and figures—well, if they did not elevate and dignify the subject, they were, at least, entitled to the merit of *originality*. In his sermon, he told his people "the only way to get to heaven was to give God a bill of sale of themselves." In exhorting them not to reject his doctrine, because it appeared incomprehensible to them, he said, "they might with as much propriety say, that snakes didn't use to go about on the end of their tails, before the curse was pronounced upon them, because you can't comprehend it." Again he observed, "*Squinch* not the spirit, brethren, for verily if you do, your hearts are as full of evil as an egg is of *yaller*,"—meaning that they lacked at least a third of being perfect. Waxing hotter and hotter as he proceeded in his discourse, he, at last, by way of emphasis, gave such a tremendous stamp, that the scaffold gave way, and boards and deacons, bible and priest, came tumbling to the earth! Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Some dozen of his most faithful followers instantly caught hold of him, and drew his saintly body from the rubbish; but, melancholy to relate, his neck was dislocated.

"Sic transit gloria mundi." S.

GIRLISH LOVE.—Let Lord Byron say what he will of bread and butter, girlhood is a beautiful season—its warm and uncalculating, devoted love—so exaggerating in its simplicity—so keen from its freshness—is the very poetry of attachment; after years have nothing like it. To know that the love which once seemed eternal can have an end destroys its immortality; and thus brought to a level with the beginnings and endings, the chances of life's common place employments and pleasures; and alas from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step—our divinity turns out an idol—we are grown too wise, too worldly, for our former faith—and we laugh at what we wept at before; such laughter is more bitter—a thousand times more bitter than tears.—*Romance and Reality*.

Two things are equally unaccountable to reason, and not the object of reasoning; the wisdom of God and the madness of man.

I WILL LOVE MY LOVE.

I will love my love in the morning,
When the drowsy world is still,—
When the sun is in splendour rising,
And the mist is on the hill;
And I'll tell her, her brow of beauty,
Like the day god's is bright and fair,
And her fairy form is as as lipid
As the mist that is floating there.

I'll point to the lovely landscapes,
Appeal to the warblers glad,
And ask, if a sigh escapes her,
Oh! why should she be sad?
As she brushes the dew from the cowslip,
And bruises not flower or stem,
I'll tell her the songsters love nature,
And she should be glad like them.

I'll love my love in the noontide,
When, with summer heat oppress'd,
We sit in the bower of woodbine,
And she sinks on my arm to rest,
And as she smiles in her slumbers,
Or wakes with a gentle start,
I'll say I was there to guard her,
And fold her again to my heart.

And I'll show her the red rose blooming,
In the wilds of its native wood,
And tell her, her lips, when smiling,
Are like to its bursting bud;
That nature is placid and lovely,
And still as the valley and plain;
And I'll bid her to lie on my bosom,
And sleep and smile again.

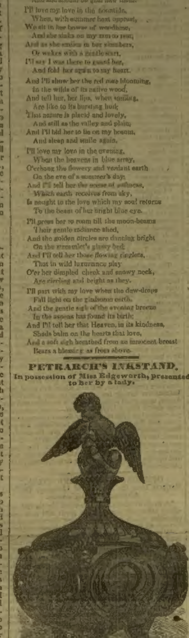
I'll love my love in the evening,
When the heavens in blue array,
O'erhang the flowery and verdant earth
On the eve of a summer's day;
And I'll tell her the sense of softness,
Which earth receives from sky,
Is nought to the love which my soul returns
To the beam of her bright blue eye.

I'll press her to roam till the moon-beams
Their gentle radiance shed,
And the golden circles are dancing bright
On the streamlet's glassy bed;
And I'll tell her those flowing ringlets,
That in wild luxuriance play
O'er her dimpled cheek and snowy neck,
Are circling and bright as they.

I'll part with my love when the dew-drops
Fall light on the gladsome earth,
And the gentle sigh of the evening breeze
In the aspens has found its birth;
And I'll tell her that Heaven, in its kindness,
Sheds balm on the hearts that love,
And a soft sigh breathed from an innocent breast
Bears a blessing as from above.

PETRARCH'S INKSTAND.

In possession of Miss Edgeworth, presented to her by a lady.



By beauty won from soft Italia's land
Here Cupid, Petrarch's Cupid, takes his stand.
Arch suppliant, welcome to thy favorite isle,
Close thy spread wings, and rest thee here awhile;
Still the true heart with kindred strains inspire,
Breathe all a poet's softness, all his fire;
But if the perjured knight approach this fount,
Forbid the words to come as they were wont,
Forbid the ink to flow, the pen to write,
And send the false one baffled from thy sight.
MISS EDGEWORTH.

FROM THE "TABLE BOOK," BY WILLIAM HONE, LONDON, 1827.

Miss Edgeworth's lines express her estimation of the gem she has the happiness to own. That lady allowed a few casts from it in bronze, and a gentleman who possesses one, and who favors the "*Table Book*" with his approbation, permits its use for a frontispiece to this volume. The engraving will not be questioned as a decoration, and it has some claim to be regarded as an elegant illustration of a miscellany, which draws largely on art and literature, and on nature itself, towards its supply.

"I delight," says Petrarch, "in my pictures; I take great pleasure also in images; they come in show, more near unto nature than pictures, for they do but appear; but these are felt to be substantial, and their bodies are more durable. Amongst the Grecians the art of painting was esteemed above all handy-crafts, and the chief of all the liberal arts. How great the dignity hath been of statues; and how fervently the study and desire of men have reposed in such pleasures, emperors and kings, and other great personages, nay, even persons of inferior degree, have shown, in their industrious keeping of them, when obtained." Insisting on the golden mien, as a rule of happiness, he says, "I possess an amazing collection of books, for attaining this, and every virtue; great is my delight in holding such a treasure." He slights persons who collect books for the pleasure of boasting they have them; who furnish their chambers with what was intended to furnish their minds, and use them no otherwise than they do their Corinthian tables, or their painted tables and images, to look at.—He contemns others who esteem not the true value of books, but the price at which they may sell them—"a new practice" (observe it is Petrarch that speaks) "crept in among the rich, whereby they may attain one art more of unruly desire." He repeats, with rivetting force, "I have great plenty of books; where such scarcity has been lamented, this is no small possession; I have an inestimable many of books!" He was a diligent collector, and a liberal imparter of these treasures. He corresponded with Richard de Bury, an illustrious prelate of our own country, eminent for his love of learning and learned men, and sent many precious volumes to England to enrich the bishop's magnificent library. He vividly remarks, "I delight passionately in my books;" and yet he who had accumulated them largely, estimated them rightly: he has a saying of books worthy of himself: "a wise man seeketh not quantity but sufficiency."

Petrarch loved the quiet scenes of nature; and these can scarcely be observed from a carriage, or while riding, and are never enjoyed but on foot; and to me—on whom that discovery was imposed, and who am sometimes restrained from country walks, by necessity—it was no small pleasure, when I read a passage in his "View of Human Nature," which persuaded me of his fondness for the exercise: "a journey on foot hath most pleasant commodities, a man may go at his pleasure, none shall stay him, none shall carry him beyond his wish, none shall trouble him; he hath but one labor, the labor of nature—to go."

In "The Indicator," there is a paper of peculiar beauty, by Mr. Leigh Hunt, "on receiving a sprig of myrtle from Vaucluse," with a paragraph suitable to this occasion: "We are supposing that all our readers are acquainted with Petrarch. Many of them doubtless know him intimately. Should any of them want an introduction to him, how should we speak of him in the gross? We should say, that he was one of the finest gentlemen and greatest scholars that ever lived; that he was a writer who flourished in Italy in the fourteenth century, at the time when Chaucer was young, during the reigns of our Edwards; that he was the greatest light of his age; that although so fine a writer himself, and the author of a multitude of works, or rather, because he was both, he took the greatest pains to revive the knowledge of the ancient learning, recommending it every where, and copying out large manuscripts with his own hand; that two great cities, Paris and Rome, contended which should have the honor of crowning him; that he was crowned publicly, in the metropolis of the world, with laurel and myrtle; that he was the friend of Boccaccio, the father of Italian prose; and lastly, that his greatest renown, nevertheless, as well as the predominant feelings of his existence, arose from the long love he bore for a lady of Avignon, the far-famed Laura, whom he fell in love with on the 6th of April, 1327, on a Good Friday; whom he rendered illustrious in a multitude of sonnets, which have left a sweet sound and sentiment in the ear of all after lovers; and who died, still passionately beloved, in the year 1348, on the same day and hour in which he first beheld her. Who she was, or why their connexion was not closer, remains a mystery. But that she was a real person, and that in spite of all her modesty she did not show an insensible countenance to his passion, is clear from his long-haunted imagination, from his own repeated accounts, from all that he wrote, uttered and thought. One love, and one poet, sufficed to give the whole civilized world a sense of delicacy in desire, of the abundant riches to be found in one single idea, and of the going out of a man's self to dwell in the soul and happiness of another, which has served to refine the passion for all modern times, and perhaps will do so, as long as love renews the world."

At Vaucluse or Valchiusa, "a remarkable spot in the old poetical region of Provence, consisting of a little deep glen of green meadows surrounded with rocks, and containing the fountain of the river Sorgue," Petrarch resided for several years, and composed in it the greater part of his poems.

The following is a translation, by Sir William Jones, of an ODE to the Fountain of Valchiusa.

Ye clear and sparkling streams!
(Warm'd by the sunny beams)
Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd;
Ye boughs that deck the grove,
Where spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade;
Sweet herbs! and blushing flowers!
That crown you vernal bowers,
Forever fatal, yet forever dear:
And ye, that heard my sighs
When first she charm'd my eyes,
Soft breathing gales, my dying accents hear.
If heav'n has fix'd my doom,
That love must quite consume
My burning heart, and close my eyes in death;
Ah! grant this slight request—
That here my urn may rest,
When to its mansion flies my vital breath.
This pleasing hope will smoothe
My anxious mind, and soothe
The pangs of that inevitable hour;
My spirit will not grieve
Her mortal veil to leave,
In these calm shades, and this enchanting bower.
Haply, the guilty maid
Through yon accustomed glade
To my sad tomb will take her lonely way;
Where first her beauty's light
O'erpowered my dazzled sight,
When love on this fair border bad me stray:
There, sorrowing, shall she see,
Beneath an aged tree,
Her true but hapless lover's bier;
Too late her tender sighs
Shall melt the pitying skies,
And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.
O! well remember'd day,
When on yon bank she lay,
Meek in her pride, and in her rigor mild;
The young and blooming flowers,
Falling in fragrant showers,
Shone on her neck, and and on her bosom smil'd:
Some on her mantle hung,
Some in her locks were strung,
Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
Some, in a spicy cloud
Descending, call'd aloud,
"Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold."
I view'd the heavenly maid:
And wrapt in wonder said,
"The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;"
Her look, her voice, her smile,
That might all heaven beguile,
Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:
The star-bespangled skies
Were open'd to my eyes;
Sighing I said, "whence rose this glittering scene?"
Since that auspicious hour
This bank and odorous bower,
My morning couch and evening haunt have been.
Well may'st thou blush, my song,
To leave the rural throng,
And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear;
But were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his desire,
Thou wert a song that heaven might stoop to hear.

It is within probability to imagine, that the original of this "Ode" may have been impressed on the paper, by Petrarch's pen, from the inkstand of the frontispiece.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers in all Parts of the World. By C. Mac Farlane, Esq.

MR. MAC FARLANE most truly observes, that "there are few subjects that interest us more generally than the adventures of robbers and banditti. In our infancy they awaken and rivet our attention as much as the best fairy tales; and when our happy credulity in all things is wofully abated, and our faith in the supernatural fled, we still retain our taste for the adventurous deeds and wild lives of brigands. Neither the fulness of years nor the maturity of experience and worldly wisdom can render us insensible to tales of terror such as fascinated our childhood, nor preserve us from a 'creeping of the flesh' as we read or listen to the narrative containing the daring exploits of some robber-chief, his wonderful address, his narrow escapes, and his prolonged crimes, seated by our own peaceful hearth."

This taste will be amply gratified by a perusal of these volumes, which are full of perilous adventure, hair-breadth escapes, and shocking murders; and we have only to entreat that our readers will not peruse the remainder of this column till after dark, that they may have the full benefit of the horrors we are about to lay before them.

THE BANDIT'S TEST.

"A young man, who had been several years an outlaw, on the violent death of the chief of the troop he belonged to, aspired to be Capo-bandito in his stead. He had gone through his noviciate with honour, he had shewn both cunning and courage in his calling as brigand, but the supremacy of the band was disputed with him by others, and the state of the times bade the robbers be specially careful as to whom they elected for their leader. He must be the strongest-nerved fellow of the set! The ambitious candidate offered to give any, even the most dreadful proof of his strength of nerve; and a monster among his companions proposed he should go to his native village and murder a young girl to whom he had been formerly attached. 'I will do it,' said the ruffian, who at once departed on his infernal mission. When he reached the village, he dared not present himself, having begun his crimes there by murdering a comrade; he skulked behind an old stone fountain, outside of the village, until near sunset, when the women came forth with their copper vases on their heads to get their supplies of water at the fountain. His mistress came carelessly gossipping with the rest. He could have shot her with his rifle, but he was afraid of pursuit, and wanted besides, time to secure and carry off a bloody trophy. He therefore remained quiet, only hoping that she might loiter behind the rest. She, however, was one of the first to balance her vessel of water on her head, and to take the path to the village, whither all the gossips soon followed her. What was now to be done? He was determined to go through the ordeal and consummate the hellish crime. A child went by the fountain whistling. He laid down his rifle, so as not to alarm the little villager, and presenting himself to him, gave him the reliquary he had worn round his neck for years, and which was well known to his mistress, and told him to run with it to her, and tell her an old friend desired to speak with her at the fountain. The child took the reliquary, and a piece of silver which the robber gave him on his vowing by the Madonna to say nothing about the matter in the village before one hour of the night, and ran on to the village. The robber then retired behind the old fountain, taking his rifle in his hand, and keeping a sharp look out, lest his mistress should betray him, or not come alone. But the affectionate girl, who might have loved him still, in spite of his guilt, who might have hoped to render him succour on some urgent need, or, perhaps, to hear that he was penitent and anxious to return to society, went alone and met him at the fountain, where, as the bells of the village church were tolling the Ave Maria, her lover met her, and stabbed her to the heart! The monster then cut off her head, and ran away with it to join the brigands, who were obliged to own, that after such a deed and such a proof as he produced, he was worthy to be their chief."

HUNGARIAN HORSE-DEALER.

"On the third night after his departure from Vienna, he stopped at a quiet inn, situated in the suburbs of a small town. He had never been there before, but the house was comfortable, and the appearance of the people about it respectable. Having first attended to his tired horse, he sat down to supper with his host and family. During the meal, he was asked whence he came, and when he had said from Vienna, all present were anxious to know the news. The dealer told them all he knew. The host then inquired what business had carried him to Vienna. He told them he had been there to sell some of the best horses that were ever taken to that market. When he heard this, the host cast a glance at one of the men of the family who seemed to be his son, which the dealer scarcely observed then, but which he had reason to recall afterwards. When supper was finished, the fatigued traveller requested to be shewn to his bed. The host himself took up a light, and conducted him across a little yard at the back of the house to a detached building, which contained two rooms, tolerably decent for an Hungarian hostel. In the inner of these rooms was a bed, and here the host left him to himself. As the dealer threw off his jacket and loosened the girdle round his waist where his money was deposited, he thought he might as well see whether it was all safe. Accordingly, he drew out an old leathern purse that contained his gold, and then a tattered parchment pocket-book that enveloped the Austrian bank notes, and finding that both were quite right, he laid them under the bolster, extinguished the light, and threw himself on the bed, thanking God and the saints that had carried him thus far homeward in safety. He had no misgiving as to the character of the people he had fallen amongst to hinder his repose, and the poor dealer was very soon enjoying a profound and happy sleep. He might have been in this state of beatitude an hour or two, when he was disturbed by a noise like that of an opening window, and by a sudden rush of cool night air; on raising himself on the bed, he saw peering through an open window which was almost immediately above the bed, the head and shoulders of a man, who was evidently attempting to make his ingress into the room that way. As the terrified dealer looked, the intruding figure was withdrawn, and he heard a rumbling noise, and then the voices of several men, as he thought, close under the window. The most dreadful apprehensions, the more horrible as they were so sudden, now agitated the traveller, who, scarcely knowing what he did, but utterly despairing of preserving his life, threw himself under the bed. He had scarcely done so, when the hard breathing of a man was heard at the open window, and the next moment a robust fellow dropped into the room, and after staggering across it, groped his way by the walls to the bed. Fear had almost deprived the horse-dealer of his senses, but yet he perceived that the intruder, whoever he might be, was drunk. There was, however, slight comfort in this, for he might only have swallowed wine to make him the more desperate, and the traveller was convinced he had heard the voices of other men without, who might climb into the room to assist their brother villain in case any resistance should be made. His astonishment, however, was great and reviving when he heard the fellow throw off his jacket on the floor, and then toss himself upon the bed under which he lay. Terror, however, had taken too firm a hold of the traveller to be shaken off at once,—his ideas were too confused to permit his imagining any other motive for such a midnight intrusion on an unarmed man with property about him, save that of robbery and assassination, and he lay quiet where he was until he heard the fellow above him snoring with all the sonorousness of a drunkard. Then, indeed, he would have left his hiding-place, and gone to rouse the people in the inn to get another resting-place instead of the bed of which he had been dispossessed in so singular a manner; but, just as he came to this resolution, he heard the door of the outer room open—then stealthy steps cross it—then the door of the very room he was in was softly opened, and two men, one of whom was the host and the other his son, appeared on its threshold. 'Leave the light where it is,' whispered the host, 'or it may disturb him and give us trouble.' 'There is no fear of that,' said the younger man, also in a whisper, 'we are two to one; he has nothing but a little knife about him—he is dead asleep too! hear how he snores!' 'Do my bidding,' said the old man sternly; 'would you have him wake and rouse the neighbourhood with his screams?' As it was, the horror-stricken dealer under the bed could scarcely suppress a shriek, but he saw that the son left the light in the outer room, and then, pulling the door partially after them to skreen the rays of the lamp from the bed, he saw the two murderers glide to the bed-side, and then heard a rustling motion as of arms descending on the bed-clothes, and a hissing, and then a grating sound, that turned his soul sick, for he knew it came from knives or daggers penetrating to the heart or vitals of a human being like himself, and only a few inches above his own body. This was followed by one sudden and violent start on the bed, accompanied by a moan. Then the bed, which was a low one, was bent by an increase of weight caused by one or both the murderers throwing themselves upon it, until it pressed on the body of the traveller. There was an awful silence for a moment or two, and then the host said, 'he is finished—I have cut him across the throat—take the money, I saw him put it under his bolster.' 'I have it, here it is,' said the son: 'a purse and a pocket-book.' The traveller was then relieved from the weight that had oppressed him almost to suffocation; and the assassins, who seemed to tremble as they went, ran out of the room, took up the light, and disappeared altogether from the apartment. No sooner were they fairly gone than the poor dealer crawled from under the bed, took one desperate leap, and escaped through the little window by which he had seen enter the unfortunate wretch, who had evidently been murdered in his stead. He ran with all his speed into the town, where he told his horrid story and miraculous escape to the night-watch. The night-watch conducted him to the burgomaster, who was soon aroused from his sleep, and acquainted him with all that had happened. In less than half an hour from the time of his escape from it, the horse-dealer was again at the murderous inn with the magistrate, and a strong force of the horror-stricken inhabitants and the night-watch, who had all run thither in the greatest silence. In the house all seemed as still as death; but as the party went round to the stables they heard a noise; cautioning the rest to surround the inn and the outhouses, the magistrate, with the traveller and some half-dozen armed men, ran to the stable-door: this they opened, and found within the host and his son digging a grave. The first figure that met the eyes of the murderers was that of the traveller. The effect of this on their guilty souls was too much to be borne; they shrieked, and threw themselves on the ground; and though they were immediately seized by hard griping hands of real flesh and blood, and heard the voices of the magistrate and their friends and neighbours, denouncing them as murderers, it was some minutes ere they could believe that the figure of the traveller that stood among them was other than a spirit. It was the hardier villain, the father, who, on hearing the stranger's voice continuing in conversation with the magistrate, first gained sufficient command over himself to raise his face from the earth; he saw the stranger still pale and haggard, but evidently unhurt. The murderer's head spun round confusedly; but, at length rising, he said to those who held him, 'Let me see that stranger nearer; let me touch him—only let me touch him!' The poor horse-dealer drew back in horror and disgust. 'You may satisfy him in this,' said the magistrate; 'he is unarmed and unnerved, and we are here to prevent his doing you harm.' On this the traveller let the host approach him, and pass his hand over his person, which, when he had done, the villain exclaimed, 'I am no murderer! Who says I am a murderer?' 'That shall we see anon,' said the traveller, who led the way to the detached apartment, followed by the magistrate, by the two prisoners, and all the party which had collected in the stable on hearing what passed there. Both father and son walked with considerable confidence into the room; but when they saw by the lamps the night-watch and others held over it, that there was a body covered with blood, lying upon the bed, they cried out, 'How is this! who is this!' and rushed together to the bed-side. The lights were lowered; their rays fell full upon the ghastly face and bleeding throat of a young man. At the sight, the younger of the murderers turned his head, and swooned in silence; but the father, uttering a shriek so loud, so awful, that one of the eternally damned alone might equal its effect, threw himself on the bed, and on the gashed and bloody body, and murmuring in his throat, 'My son! I have killed mine own son!' also found a temporary relief from the horrors of his situation in insensibility. The next minute the wretched hostess, who was innocent of all that had passed, and who was, without knowing it, the wife of a murderer, the mother of a murderer, and the mother of a murdered son—of a son killed by a brother and a father, ran to the apartment, and would have increased tenfold its already insupportable horrors by entering there, had she not been prevented by the honest townspeople. She had been roused from sleep by the noise made in the stable, and then by her husband's shriek, and was now herself shrieking and frantic carried back into the inn by main force. The two murderers were forthwith bound and carried to the town gaol, where, on the examination, which was made the next morning, it appeared from evidence that the person murdered was the youngest son of the landlord of the inn, and a person never suspected of any crime more serious than habitual drunkenness; that instead of being in bed, as his father and brother had believed him, he had stolen out of the house, and joined a party of carousers in the town: of these boon companions, all appeared in evidence; and two of them deposed that the deceased, being exceedingly intoxicated, and dreading his father's wrath, should he rouse the house in such a state, and at that late hour, had said to them that he would get through the window into the little detached apartment, and sleep there, as he had often done before, and that they two had accompanied him, and assisted him to climb to the window. The deceased had reached the window once, and as they thought would have got safe through it, but drunk and unsteady as he was, he slipped back; they had then some difficulty in inducing him to climb again, for, in the caprice of intoxication, he said he would rather go sleep with one of his comrades. However, he had at last effected his entrance; and they, his two comrades, had gone to their respective homes. The wretched criminals were executed a few weeks after the commission of the crime. They had confessed every thing, and restored to the horse-dealer the gold and the paper-money they had concealed, and which had led them to do a deed so much more atrocious than even they had contemplated."

THE SPANISH BRIGAND

Is a story communicated by Mr. Brockedon, and will be a relief to the last.

"A short time after the French war, and the restoration of Ferdinand VII., whose conduct made many of the loose guerilla parties continue out in the country as brigands, an English merchant arrived one evening at a small mean town, at the foot of the Sierra Morena. In the posada of the place where he took up his lodgings for the night, he met a Spaniard of a commanding figure, and of a sharp, intelligent, but amiable countenance. Much struck with his appearance, the Englishman entered into conversation with him, and was still more delighted by his frank, spirited style of address and talking. Before supper was ready, the two had established that sort of traveller-intimacy which is not perhaps the less delightful because it must finish in a few hours, and the parties, in all probability never meet again; and when the meal was served, they sat down to it together, each, apparently, anxious to know more of the other. They conversed together during the progress of the supper, and long after it was over, until the sinking and flickering lamps on the table warned the Englishman it must be time to retire to rest. As he rose to do so, the Spaniard, with all his former frankness and gentlemanly manner, asked him which way his road lay on the morrow. The English merchant replied across the Sierra Morena, and indicated the road he meant to take. The Spaniard, shaking his head, said he was sorry for this, as he had reasons to suspect that that very road at that very moment was beset by robbers, from whose numbers and activity there was no escape. The Englishman confessed that this was unpleasant news, particularly as the affairs that called him towards Madrid were urgent. 'But cannot you stay where you are a day or two?' replied the Spaniard; 'by that time they may have shifted their ground, and you may pass the mountains without meeting them.' The Englishman repeated that his business was urgent, said he was no coward, that he had hitherto travelled in Spain without any misadventure, and hoped still to do so. 'But, my good Senor,' replied the Spaniard, 'you will not cross the mountains to-morrow without being robbed, take my word for that!' 'Well, if it must be so, let them rob me,' said the English merchant; 'I have little money to lose, and they will hardly take the life of an unarmed and unresisting man!' 'They have never been accustomed so to act—let it be said to the honour of the band, they are not such cowardly assassins,' replied the Spaniard, who was then silent, and seemed to be musing to himself. The Englishman was beginning to call up one of the servants of the posada, to shew him to his resting-place, when his companion, raising his hand said, 'Not yet, Senor, not yet! listen!' and he continued in an under-tone, 'It was my fortune, some time since to have to cross the Sierra Morena alone, like you, it was occupied then, as now, by the *Salteadores*; but I met a man, also alone, as you have met me, who said he had rendered the captain of the band some service, and that he could give me a pass which should cause my person and my property to be respected by the robbers, and enable me to cross the mountains with perfect safety.' 'A much better thing this than a king's passport,' said the astonished Englishman. 'Pray what was it? and did it succeed?' 'It was only a button,' replied the Spaniard; 'it did all that had been promised, and perhaps it has not yet lost its charm—I will give it you, here it is!' After searching in his pocket, the Spaniard produced a curiously filagreed silver button, and placed it in the hands of the Englishman, begging him to be careful of it, and to present it to any robbers that might attack him in the Sierra. 'But were *you* really attacked on your journey?' inquired the merchant. 'The button was respected by all the robbers I met, and I believe I saw them all,' said the Spaniard; 'but ask no more questions, and take care of the button: to-morrow you will see whether it has lost its charm.' With many thanks, the Englishman took his leave, and went to bed. On the following morning, when he continued his journey, the silver button ran in his head for some time. But it was not until noon, as he was toiling up one of the most rugged of the mountain paths, that he had the opportunity of trying its virtue. There his guide, who rode before him, was suddenly knocked off his mule by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and the next instant three other guns were levelled at the Englishman's breast, by men who stopped from behind a rock. The attack was so sudden, that his ideas and recollection were disturbed, and he put his hand in his pocket, brought out his purse, and delivered it to the robbers, who were calling him all sorts of opprobrious names, before he thought of his silver button. But when the recollection came to his mind, and he produced it, much doubting of its efficacy, the oaths of the Salteadores were stopped at once, as though a sacred relic had been held before their eyes; they returned him his purse, earnestly entreated his pardon for all that had happened, and informed him that it was their bounden duty to see the bearer of that button safe across the mountains. Accordingly, on went the merchant with the brigands for his guard, he blessing the silver button, and they shewing him every possible attention and respect. On their way they met with other robbers, which proved how formidable was the band, and how impossible it would have been to escape them without the charmed button. At length they came to a low, solitary house in a wild dell, far away from the beaten path across the Sierra, which they had abandoned for tracks that seemed never to have been trodden. Here the merchant was told he might stop and refresh himself. Nothing loath, he dismounted, and turned to the door, when his companion at the posada of the preceding evening—the donor of the magical button, met him on the threshold, with the words and gestures of an hospitable welcome. His dress was changed—he now wore a splendid kind of uniform, the jacket of which was of velvet, embroidered with gold; but the Englishman recognised his commanding figure and impressive countenance in an instant, and gave him his hand as a friend. 'I got here before you,' said the captain of the banditti, for such in fact was the donor of the button, 'and have prepared a good dinner for you, being very certain, that what I gave you last night would bring you in safety under my roof.' The Englishman expressed his gratitude, and they sat down to dine. The bandit's dishes were savoury and good, and his wine was better. As the wine warmed the Englishman, he again expressed his gratitude, and then ventured to say how astonished he was that a person of his host's manners, and one capable of such kind and generous feelings and actions, could lead such a kind of life. The robber drew his hand across his dark brow and fiery eyes, and said, 'These are times when thieves and traitors thrive in the royal court and the offices of government, and honest patriots are driven to the highway. As a guerilla, I shed my blood for my country; for my king, who, when he returned, would have left me to starve or to beg! But no matter—this is no business of yours. I met you, liked your manners, and have saved you!—that is enough! say no more!' The Englishman of course desisted, and soon after rose to take his leave. The captain, who recovered his good humour, told him he should have an escort yet a little further, and be put in the route he wished to follow. The merchant would then have returned the silver button, but the robber insisted on his keeping it. 'You, or some friend of yours, may have to pass this way again,' said he, 'and whoever has the button to produce, will be respected as you have been respected! Go with God! and say nothing as to what has happened between you and me and mine! Adieu!' The merchant's farewell was an earnest and cordial one. Guided by the brigand, he soon reached the beaten road on the opposite side of the mountains, and would there have given them some money for the trouble he had caused them. They said they had their captain's strict commands against this—they would not accept a real, but left him, wishing him a happy journey. Some time—I believe some years after this adventure—the English merchant heard with deep regret that the Spanish robber-chief, whom he described as being one of the handsomest men he ever beheld, had been betrayed into the hands of government, and put to a cruel and ignominious death."

Our extracts have already extended to a great length, and we must therefore close our selection of stratagems, exploits, and piracies, even though we omit a curious account of a formidable female pirate, the widow of Chingyih, of the Ladrones, for which we refer to the volumes themselves; and only say in conclusion, that Mr. Mac Farlane has collected and narrated his robber annals with equal industry, spirit, and judgment.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

On a Girl gazing at a Miniature.

That maiden's looks I may not tell,
Nor trace the history of her sighs—
It were not meet for all to dwell
Upon the language of those eyes.

For there are hearts whose sacred feelings,
It is not well for all to know—
And there are thoughts whose bright revealings
It would be treacherous to show.
S.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

A QUEER DOSE.—Two respectable wights, who attended All-Hallow Fair the other week, having found themselves pretty successful in their bargains, among the bestial, retired to a public-house, where they caroused till midnight, and were tumbled into bed by the landlord. On awakening in the morning, one of the men, who felt himself on the point of spontaneous combustion, swallowed the contents of a bottle of water which happened accidentally to be standing in the room; but as chance or ill luck would have it, the said bottle contained eight leeches, seven of which went down with the water! The untoward mistake was discovered too late to be remedied, and a serious legal dispute was the consequence, the landlord charging 3s. 6d. for his seven leeches, and the countryman insisting that "mine host" should bear the loss of every such uncooked breakfast.

There is an epigram handed about, which we like for its downright absurdity of idea. It is whispered—recollect, reader, only whispered, it may therefore not be true—that it is from the pen of the Lord Chancellor, who thus has given us another proof of his versatile talents. It runs as follows:—

Carnarvon is so very hot,
Irascible and jadish—
How do you think he was begot?
His mother was a mustard-pot,
His father a horse-radish.—*Metropolitan.*

MARRIED—At Bristol, Barry Edward Lawless, Esq., of Dublin, to Anne Margaret, eldest daughter of M. Pescod, Esq., Jamaica:—

"Love conquers all"—so poets say—
The world we know is won;
The savage bends him to his sway,
The *Lawless* to his law.

MARRIED—At Aldermanbury, — Palmer, Esq. of [illegible], to Mary, daughter of the late R. Keep, Esq.:—

While Wit and Fancy for the fair
Keepsakes and *Souvenirs* prepare,
In literary strife,
Their *Annuals* annually die;
But Cupid now, his skill to try,
The *Keepsake* books for life.

MARRIED—F. Hyde, Esq., to Eliza, daughter of F. C. Bland, Esq., of Derryquin, county Kerry:—

At hide and seek, when beauty plays
With Cupid—woe betide!
While *blandly* she her [illegible]
Who *seeks* her to be *Hyde*.

Mr. Holmes, in the Court of King's Bench, lately made the following observations:—"My learned friend, Mr. West, has triumphantly called on us to point out what was the intention of the Legislature in a certain act. We are bound, my Lord, to do so, and I admit it would be a matter of great difficulty. Of the Legislature, my Lords, we may adopt the language of the owls, when the Grand Vizier was sent to know what they thought of the Sultan Mahmoud. 'Long live the Sultan!' they cried, 'for while he reigns we shall not be in want of ruined villages.' (Laughter.) [illegible] 'Long live the Legislature!' [illegible] lawyers will not be in want of business." (Loud laughter, in which the Court joined.)—*Dublin Express.*

IMPUDENCE PROMPTLY REBUKED.—In the course of his canvass a few days ago Sir Richard Vyvyan called on a political cobbler, [illegible]

Over the door of a vender of varieties in an English village is—"Licensed dealer in Backy and Snuff."

At a tea-party, where some Canada happened to be present, after the dish had been handed round, the lady, who was presiding over the tea equipage, "hoped the tea was good." "Very good, indeed, madam," was the general reply, till it came to the turn of one of the Canadians to speak, who, between [illegible] and politeness, shrewdly observed—"That the tea is excellent, but the water is smoky."

The witty Lord — remarked of Lady — that she resembled [illegible]

"Why is a certain individual of fashionable notoriety, like a Zoopyrus," asked the lively Lady D., of Mrs. N? "Because he has a stomach, and no brains,"—replied the latter.

It is asserted, that two works from the pen of the lamented Sir Walter, "The Knights of Malta," and "Pizarro, a tale of the Abruzzo," are preparing for publication. [illegible]

There are eight and thirty years' difference in age between the eldest and youngest child of the Duke of Bedford; and twenty-four years between the young Marchioness of Abercorn and her brother, the Marquess of Tavistock.

A WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.—There is now living at Sandiacre, a woman who has [illegible]—*Nottingham Review.*

S. T. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, Feb. 9.

We learn with pleasure, that the bridge across the Schuylkill at Manayunk, has been finished. This pleasing intelligence will be received with a cheer rule in the Lancaster road, and we believe there is no better travelling than between our city and Manayunk, for fast travellers, or those who like to enjoy a ride, we have taken a fine opportunity to do both.

Steam Coaches.—A bill has been introduced in the Legislature of Kentucky, and has received a second reading, for the incorporation of a State Road, with a number of three millions of dollars, authorized to be subscribed by the State, for which sum, bearing an interest not exceeding six per cent. per annum, is to be issued, and two millions to be subscribed by individuals, and the residue by corporations—two ninths and two sixths of the Kentucky river.

Perpetual Motion.—For the fifth time then, we have seen announced the discovery of perpetual motion, which somebody thinks is likely to produce an important change in the course of Mechanics as well as in operative business of life. It is unnecessary to describe the machine, which is very old, and has been often exploded. When a person can "lift himself up by the waistband of his superbreches," he may be able to set himself in perpetual motion.

The Cashier of the Greenfield Bank, Massachusetts, offers a reward of $1,000 for the recovery of $12,000 which was taken from the trunk of a gentleman passenger in the stage. Of this reward $2000 of the above sum belonged to the Greenfield Bank, and the residue to Messrs. Allen & Mussey, the owners. The money was taken on the different banks of New England.

The Gloucester, Mass. Telegraph of a late date, says—"That a daughter of Mr. Moses Rose, aged about seven years, was found on Monday morning lying dead. The work, hastily revised and corrected by the agent and overseer, is a tissue of lies from end to end, the only comfort of her mourning parents and an early brother."

A cause embracing circumstances of a very interesting and peculiar character is appropriated to be tried in one of the courts of New Orleans. The issue changes for breach of marriage contract. The lady who appears as plaintiff is of the first families of Louisiana—a QUADRE. She is stated to be possessed of great personal attractions and mistress of a very large fortune. The defendant is a clergyman of the Established Church, who, it is alleged, entered into contract, and have to the expenses of the concubinage in a court of law, he was offered to settle the matter out of court upon his fair opponent, provided she will consent to forego prosecuting her suit. To this the lady replied, "she positively refused to accede to his proposal."

Intelligence from Constantinople, at an early date, in the Coffee House, London, to say the sentence of mad at Ali of Tebelin, the well known Pasha of Albania, was carried into effect on the 5th May, 1822. Amongst other dreadnaut under which the unfortunate individual fell, it is stated that he is the son of the late duke of York; that he has got Madame Vestris's legs secured to him, and that all the money in the Bank of England has been sent out to him as the proprietor of the Opera House and Drury Lane Theatre.

A violent eruption of Mount Etna, took place on the 17th and 18th ult. which destroyed a number of two storied new houses in Catania, and contained 20 persons.

Accounts from Alexandria, of the 16th Oct. state, that Ibrahim Pacha had, with 4,000 men, left Upper Egypt, and attacked a new victory over Hassan Pacha Berwash and Ahmed Kenah.

The Miguel has effected a loan on the Paris Stock Exchange of 30 millions of francs for 5 per cent. redeemable in 30 or 20 years. The terms are extremely favorable to the Portuguese Government.

George Brewster was charged with assault and battery on his wife, and ordered to find bail in the sum of four hundred dollars to appear and answer the charge.

Two carters were heavily fined for furiously driving through the streets yesterday, and one of them was given on a bench more who deserve the same.

A man named Thomas Crawford, was charged with the larceny of eight yards of carpeting, and was committed for trial.

A white man, named Crawford, was brought before the mayor by Abraham Dobson, who charged him with the larceny of nine pounds of sole leather, seven horse handkerchiefs, pair of pinchers, &c. &c. which it appeared he had stolen from the prosecutor, and secreted to feed bail in the sum of three hundred dollars to appear and answer to the charge at the next Mayor's Court.

Steam Carriage.—By the recent trials it seems that the Steam Carriage is to be introduced on the line of the Common Roads upon the Continent, as well as upon the Railroads. Several of these carriages are now in construction to be run between Lisbon and Badajoz, which is about 200 miles. The Steam Coach can be put upon the new road between Kiel and Altona. It is to run 10 miles an hour, and to carry 30 persons and more upon the different parts of Europe, in the course of the summer.

"Dry Cargo."—Extract from the "Post Boy Sandboy," stating that if the tariff be not altered in the Congress of the United States, he will go down South and "drink up that dry cargo." Now we understand that the Congress, we would ask and, which will be dreamed, and would be glad to know what the dry cargo is, and what that beloved, stormy down their rule-reden, and that the Congress of the United States are the surrounding forever.

Extract of a letter to the Editor of the American Daily Advertiser, dated

Harrisburg, January 23, 1823.

The bill for the incorporation of Lotteries has passed the Senate, and been sent to the House of Representatives, where it remains at this time. It is the opinion of us, as joined by the Senate—

AN ACT FOR THE FURTHER REGULATION OF LOTTERIES.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That from and after the thirty-first day of December, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, all and every lottery and lotteries, and device in the nature of a lottery, which shall be newly and entirely abolished, and are hereby declared to be absolutely unauthorized and void.

Section 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That from and after the said thirty-first day of December, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, all and every lottery and lotteries, and device in the nature of a lottery, which shall be newly and entirely abolished, and are hereby declared to be absolutely unauthorized and void.

Section 3. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That from and after the said thirty-first day of December, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, all and every person or persons who shall sell or expose to sale, or cause to be sold or exposed to sale, any ticket or tickets in any land for the purpose of sale, or shall advertise or cause to be advertised for sale, or shall buy or cause or be in any wise concerned, in the sale or exposure to sale, of any lottery ticket, or any share or shares, or part or any lottery ticket, in any lottery or device in the nature of a lottery, within this Commonwealth or elsewhere, and any person or persons, who shall sell, expose, or cause to be sold or exposed to sale, any ticket in any lottery, or be in any way concerned in the sale or exposure to sale of any ticket or tickets in any lottery or device, in the nature of a lottery, and shall be convicted thereof, shall, for every such offence, on conviction, shall, for each and every such offence, forfeit and pay a sum not less than one hundred dollars, nor more than one thousand dollars, or be sentenced to undergo an imprisonment not exceeding six months, at the discretion of the court.

It may be well to state that several members have passed a bill, which was read a second time, to repeal the tax bill, which were, that it affected the interests of the Bank of the United States, and would be a breach of faith to contract. We trust that the difficulty may be overcome.

Extract of a Letter from the Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial—"I proceed to mention that when the Land Bill was under consideration in the Senate, Judge Hill read a long harangue on the subject, and it was ordered to be printed, and it was done. Mr. Wheeler, who was not on his seat. The best compensation I have ever heard of was given to a member in this case, namely, that he was to receive a dollar for every word he should utter. The speech was thirty-seven Senators in the room when it was delivered, and there were only seven or eleven, and they were busily engaged in writing letters, reading the papers, &c. &c. The Senate are on universal and familiar terms, which is very pleasant. Yesterday Mr. Hill, in the course of his remarks, said, "Mr. President, I am sorry to say that the people of this country are becoming corrupt." Mr. Holmes hereupon rose and

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, February 9, 1838.

New Arrangement.

Since the junction of the Saturday Evening Post and Bulletin, it has become necessary to remodel the districts of the different carriers, by which arrangement many subscribers will be served by new hands. As this may lead to some irregularities for a few weeks, we have to solicit the indulgence of our friends, if they are neglected. Any mistakes that may occur will be promptly rectified, on information being left at the publication office.

We are indebted to the Hon. Joel B. Sutherland, for sundry Congressional documents.

Those editors in New York and Washington, who forward us their papers, are particularly requested to put our packages in the bags which go by the Express.

A correspondent from Virginia has sent us a very beautiful specimen of Mecklenburg Silk, the manufacture of Miss Mary C. Lockets, together with some verses, containing, of course, as every thing from the South does, an allusion to nullification.

We have received a pamphlet written by Professor Walter R. Johnson, on the subject of heat, which deserves the attention of enquirers. It is well written and contains some good hints. See an article on our fourth page on the same subject.

The Annual Report of the Lehigh Navigation and Coal Company, just printed, represents the prospects of that company as very flattering, but owing to unexpected difficulties in the Delaware division of the canal, there will be no dividend at this time. The stock, we learn, is on the rise.

A Novelty in Annuals.—The Friends in England, have come out with an Annual, under the title of the "Aurora Borealis." It is in green and gold, and ably conducted. The principal writers are the Howitts, Bernard Barton, Amelia Opie, J. J. Gurney, &c. It is well spoken off as creditable to the society. If any of our readers should have received a copy, we shall be obliged by a sight of it.

Runaways.—Several merchants at Batavia, New York, have joined together, to defray the expenses of publishing a *black list* of all the persons who run away for the purpose of defrauding their creditors. The contributors are pretty extensive already, including twenty six individuals. People will have to be honest soon.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

Councils meet this evening on the subject of the Girard College, having enacted an ordinance at a meeting on the thirty-first ult., which does away the old one, and provides, in brief, that the Mayor of the city, the President of Councils, and fifteen other persons shall constitute a Board of Directors. These fifteen persons to be chosen every year, on the first Monday in February, to record the names of citizens, not members of Councils, who shall be proposed for the office, and have their names published, and reassembling on the second Monday of February, the fifteen then to be chosen from the names so proposed. When chosen they are to be divided, by lot, into three classes of five each—the first class to serve one year, the second two, and the third three years; and every succeeding year five citizens to be elected, in like manner, to supply the places of the five who retire. Vacancies to be supplied by Councils, at a special election. The elect, of citizens, who are to serve without pay, to choose their President from their own body, and a Secretary, not of their number; the latter at a salary not exceeding $600. The directors to be in nowise interested in any contract, &c., for the building. They to prepare and to submit to Councils a system of government, &c., for the College; they shall not enter into any contract not authorized by Councils. The power of appointing officers, professors, tutors, and agents, to be vested in that Board, ten of whom are a quorum.

A correspondent at Columbia, S. C., under the signature of *Caius Marius*, is much dissatisfied that we published the statement respecting Capt. Dubois having hoisted the flag of the United States Union down, with Gov. Hamilton on board. His letter was written before he saw the explanation, which was also published in the Post. Our correspondent very much mistaken the editor of this paper if he thinks he can intimidate us from the expression of our sentiments on the topic of *Nullification*, or indeed, on any national subject of importance. He says, he and many others are dissatisfied that we take any notice in the way of dispraise of nullification; but adds, if we take the trouble of consulting the papers of South Carolina, we shall discover the spirit, and so forth, of the State. We do read the papers he recommends, and in them we discover an open and avowed hostility to what we feel bound to believe, are the laws of the Union, and therefore, in duty bound to support. Would our correspondent allow a liberty to his own party papers of the South, which he would deny to us? Would he receive northern papers which tamely passed over so prominent a subject, and read only those of his own way of thinking? Shall we, representing the feelings of the community in which we reside, sit still and quietly look on, while we behold the laws, nay, even the *Constitution of our country* itself, are about to be trampled under foot?

From the tenor of our correspondent's letter, as well as what we gather from many others we have received, it would appear that these Hotspurs of the South have made up their minds not to be convinced, even if they are in error, and that, therefore, they will not listen to the honest opinion of another man. So be it —we respect their opinions only so far as they are entitled to respect, but we do not therefore avoid reading their papers. We are desirous to understand their reasons, if they do not incline to hear ours. We use no force or even solicitation, and they can at any time withdraw their names from our subscription list on settling their accounts. We have recently struck off more than a thousand of our own accord.

With regard to our Washington correspondent, Caius Marius is particularly illiberal. We publish those letters avowedly as the opinions of an individual, but of one who is placed in a situation where he can obtain correct information, which we are always anxious to impart. In conclusion, Caius sayeth: "I belong to a volunteer company, which has offered its services to the Governor, and I hope I may be able to distinguish this ranting railer. I will convince to his sad experience, of the efficacy of nullification!" Let the bullcalves of Washington look out. The enemy is likely to carry the war to the Capitol, which no doubt, the volunteer company aforesaid, design to serve as the British army did, and *burn it to the ground!*

Seriously, we have devoted more space to this correspondent than he deserves, merely to answer numerous others who have volunteered their editorial assistance. Caius Marius makes use of the words "liar," "lies," "deliberate falsehood," and other terms we are not accustomed to hear in society, in this quarter. All similar epistles will receive the attention which is their due, and will be treated with silent contempt.— We publish a newspaper, and shall continue to insert such matter as our own judgment shall dictate.

To show how nullification works in practice, we might inform Caius Marius and others, that its effects have been carried further than the Convention designed. The people in their sovereignty, elect delegates to a Convention, whose ordinances were to be law. The Convention and Legislature do enact laws, which we understand to be rank nullification. The ordinance declares that no more duties can be paid under this tariff law of South Carolina, after February first. But a meeting of citizens of Charleston, of the same party, soon afterwards, unanimously resolve to *nullify* nullification! that duties *shall* be paid as heretofore, till Congress decides on the tariff act. And more wonderful still, this resolve of a few citizens, is recognized as superior to all the ordinances, laws and proclamations! This meeting was a complete exemplification of the beauties of nullification; and we hope the volunteer company to which Caius Marius belongs, will recognize in this nullification nullified, and pardon us while it is "dying a natural death," or if he pleases, strangling itself, if we sometimes publish to the world what we see, hear and know. *National*, but not party politics we have always professed to discuss, and we expect to continue to advocate what we believe to be the best principles of government and the true policy of the Union.

THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.

We are always sorry when we see announced in the play-bills the "first appearance" of a young debutante on the stage. There is probably no profession in the main, which is worse paid in proportion to the labor endured, and the sacrifice of caste in society which is the result—for, disguise it as you will, and make a few exceptions in favor of those you happen to know to be moral and clever in private life, and there are such, the name of actor is not respectable in the broad sense of the term, and too many who have wandered into its delusive mazes, have found to their cost, that from the moment they trod the boards, their standing among their former associates had experienced a shock which was irrecoverable. We shall not enter now upon the reasons why it is so, nor why it ought not to be so, in some instances. The *fact* is sufficient for our purpose, and we state it thus publicly, not to injure those who belong to the stage, but as a beacon and warning to the aspirants after the most intangible shadow which deluded mortals can attempt to grasp. How many of all the first appearances which have been lauded by partial friends, have turned out of any benefit to the persons themselves? With but a half dozen or less striking exceptions, we know of almost no American who has won even more than a name of useless mediocrity.

And after all is attained, what is it? The world has a particular way of treating public persons of even acknowledged merit; it gradually begins to be indifferent to them, and to favor talents which are new, though far inferior; it makes excessive requisitions of the former, and accepts of anything worth approbation from the latter. Just as the actor by his labor, diligence and vigorous efforts, has made himself acquainted with the requisitions of the art, and trained completely both his person and his habits to comply with them, he finds others surpass him in public favor, and sinks down into listless mortification, satisfied, if without further effort he can make his weekly expenses. To return to society and a laborious occupation he cannot—for all useful purposes he is like a transported outcast. Who ever heard of a man who had once worn the buskin, accustomed to live on that most intoxicating, most delusive phantom, popular applause, returning to a profession or trade. An instance or two may have occurred, just sufficient to prove the rule, but they are most assuredly very rare. The task of an actor is burdensome, the recompence very small. It would be preferable, infinitely preferable, has many a *deluded being* exclaimed in the bitterness of self reproach, to have engaged in an occupation, in which, when the period of exertion is past, one can enjoy repose of mind, than in this, wherein, after undergoing much mechanical drudgery, the aim of one's activity cannot still be attained but by the strongest efforts of thought and emotion.

Mr. Dunlap's late publication, the history of the American Stage, should be studied attentively by the stage struck hero, before he mounts the buskin and dagger. Let him read it, and take notes of how many of all who have strutted their hour upon the stage, have ended their days in peace and comfort. The very nature of the occupation destroys the local habitation of the actor. If a star, he runs over half of this vast continent in a winter—sometimes driving post through hail and snow to reach his destination in time to keep an engagement, which, after all, is perhaps unsuccessful and mortifying. Courted perhaps by a few young and giddy men for his amusing qualities; he sups out when he is not acting—his domestic ties are broken, and by indulgence, habits of inebriety probably soon overtake him.

A few successful instances of a fortune made and a fame established by actors, ruin many who follow in their wake, but their successes are few and far between—the chances, even with talent aboard, are worse than those of the worst lottery ever invented. But we are answered perhaps, "there are the Kembles and the Siddonses, companions of dukes and lords, and as in the case of the latter lady, of royalty itself." Very true if you please, but would a freeborn American wish to be the humble friend of even the little great? Would he not be infinitely happier, respected in his own quiet domestic circle, and surrounded by his friends and equals, than strutting in pompous halls where he is only welcome because he can amuse? But we have in merely touching on the subject, said enough to cause our readers to think; and if we should have convinced a single individual of the folly of this course of life, we believe we have effected a positive good. The subject should be occasionally touched upon by the public press, for however desirable a theatre and actors may be—necessary perhaps they are—so long as the associations which the profession leads to are such as we have described—so long is it desirable that the young and thoughtless should be informed of it, in order that if they enter upon its duties they may do so understandingly, and not with any vain and delusive hopes. And here we close our chapter on actors, with the single additional remark, that the time, exertion, and talent necessary to make a *great* actor, would suffice to make a great author, who would be remembered, if fame is the object, as long as the art of printing exists, while the fame of an actor perishes mostly with the passing generation.

The Twelfth Presbyterian Church of this city, have issued a Circular, appealing to the citizens for funds for the instruction of the children of the neighborhood of the Church, near Eleventh in South street. The Society for the instruction of Sunday School infant scholars may do much good to the children of that neighborhood. Money will be gratefully received by the Rev. Thomas Eustace, South Ninth street, near Locust, or by Owen Colten, Library street.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Tanner's Universal Atlas.—We find on our table number one of Tanner's Universal Atlas, which appears to us likely to be the most valuable geographical work ever published in America. There will be fourteen numbers at one dollar each to subscribers—single numbers one dollar and fifty cents. Mr. Tanner has been long and industriously engaged in collecting his materials, and when we say this, no one who is acquainted with his talents will doubt his correctness. The present number contains a map of New York, with its canals, roads, steamboat and stage routes, with their distances. A map of Virginia, of a similar kind. A superb map of England and one of Scotland, all well colored, and the places distinctly displayed. In short, this collection will be all that could be desired in such a collection, and should be in the hands of every person who desires correct geographical information, and no person of general intelligence, does not as he reads books of travels, desire to consult a good map. This series will be of a size so compact as to render it an agreeable work to consult. We shall look anxiously for the ensuing numbers.

Temple's Travels in Peru.—Carey & Hart have issued this entertaining work in two neat duodecimos, with spirited wood cuts. We have previously given our unqualified approbation of these travels, when they appeared in Waldie's Circulating Library. Certainly no traveller with whose writings we are acquainted, has such exuberant spirits. He is never dull, and always entertaining and instructive.

COMMUNICATION.

Prince Owen Roe.—I have just finished reading Mr. Adair's new novel, of that name, and considering the haste with which I understand it was written and published, do not hesitate to pronounce it a good one.

I perceive from the advertisement that it is the first of a series, written expressly for the purpose of redeeming the author's country from the slanders cast upon it by *English* and *servile Irish* historians.

It is a work that deserves the patronage of the Irish republicans on our shores, as I have no doubt, with the necessary encouragement, Mr. Adair will do honor to his country, to himself and to his patrons in America.

The work, though from its scene and history, peculiarly claiming the attention and support of Irishmen, is nevertheless worthy of the patronage of Americans, as it is a work rich with *republicanism*, and the incidents of romance are pleasingly interesting, and of course would do more credit to an American's library than the *slanders of a Trollope!* which are in broad display in our every bookstore.

Prince Owen Roe was not got up in an imposing form, as it was wrought in small type for the purpose of suiting the expenses of its publication to its low price; but there is scarcely a doubt that the admiration of the reader at its close, will far exceed his anticipation on first opening it.

I am no critic, but *refer* the public to the book itself, which may be had of Carey & Hart, corner of Fourth and Chesnut streets, at the low price of fifty cents; and I am willing to hope that our intelligent public, after reading *Prince Owen Roe* in one volume, will, like myself, be anxious to see the author's "*Field of Clontarf*," in three. O'C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Oakwood is a fine specimen of the *falling* in poetry, and shall be inserted as such.

C. F. D. and the Garden of Flowers, soon.

Coral will be considered.

Several valued correspondents will please have a little patience with us. We endeavor to make a miscellany to suit the palates of all readers, and cannot give *all* "a ride" at the same trip.

Letters from the following post offices, among many others, the postage unpaid, have been received at this office within a few days past. In consequence of the impositions we suffer from letters written on trifling and unimportant subjects, the following have been returned to the post office, and the postage has been refunded. We shall continue the same course with all other unpaid letters, unless coming from known agents and friends.

	Cents.		
Jackson Furnace, S.C.	25	Middletown, Conn.	18¾
Conemaugh, Pa.	18¾	Lebanon, Pa.	25
Leonard Town, Md.	18¾	Middletown, Pa.	12½
Pittsburgh, Pa.	56¼	Saunders, Ala.	25
		Cherokee C. H. Ga.	95

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Feb. 1.—Received from		Bly, Vanbaum, Esq.	20 00
Henry Waller,	$3 00	Thos. Bowdre, Esq.	2 00
Chas. W. Rice,	5 00	Wm. B. Thompson,	5 00
S. M. Bouck,	10 00	C. C. Henderson,	2 00
Chas. Williams, Esq.	5 00	A. Thompson, Esq.	1 50
Chauncey Ives, Esq.	4 00	John Robson, Esq.	5 00
O. Benjamin, Esq.	2 00	*Feb. 5.—Received from*	
David Lockwood,	2 00	Wm. T. Thorp,	5 00
A. M'Laughlin, Esq.	5 00	J. S. Olmstead, Esq.	2 00
Johnson Sargent, Esq.	2 00	J. Wright, Esq.	10 00
Feb. 2.—Received from		Dan. Marshall, Esq.	2 00
Justin H. Olds,	7 00	Eldra Field, Esq.	4 00
E. K. Gleeson,	2 00	Benj. Little,	2 00
C. B. Hatch,	2 00	Lowe & Sledge,	10 00
Bridgham Russell,	2 00	Henry Massie,	10 00
C. B. Mosher, Esq.	4 25	Saml. A. Anderson,	2 00
Daniel Mapes, Esq.	2 00	Rich. A. Worrell,	10 00
G. H. Sterling, Esq.	2 00	James J. Gough, Esq.	4 00
M. C. Darling, Esq.	3 00	Saml. Stacker, Esq.	5 00
Thos. Christian, Esq.	2 00	John Kewell, Esq.	2 00
John Kirk, Jr. Esq.	8 00	H. Woodworth, Esq.	1 00
David M'Calla, Esq.	2 00	*Feb. 6.—Received from*	
John M'Curdy,	2 00	Chas. H. La Hatt,	10 00
James Condy,	2 00	C. J. Barnett, Esq.	4 00
W. M. Connell, Esq.	3 00	M. Smith, Esq.	1 00
J. R. Lloyd, Esq.	5 16	Jas. T. Allen, Esq.	3 00
John M'Master, Esq.	3 00	John Sectin,	15 00
B. E. Grace, Esq.	3 00	John P. Townsend,	2 00
S. Thom, Esq.	1 00	John M'Master,	2 00
H. M. Watkins, Esq.	2 00	Th. W. Keyes, Esq.	10 00
A. W. Brandon, Esq.	2 00	J. W. Robinson, Esq.	9 00
Feb. 4.—Received from		W. A. Roxborough, Esq.	2 00
Wm. Boone,	3 00	C. C. Campbell, Esq.	2 50
George H. Roberts,	13 00	S. L. Du Bose, Esq.	2 50
Hazen Haseltine,	2 00	Wm. Palmer,	5 00
A. Scofield,	15 00	*Feb. 7.—Received from*	
Edw. Ferris,	5 00	W. Smith,	4 00
E. S. Woodford,	2 00	R. Paell,	1 63
E. Chichester, Esq.	5 00	(37½ cents postage off.)	
S. C. Slaymaker, Esq.	20 00	W. P. Phillips,	10 00
Thos. Coggeshall, Jr.	2 00	Stephen Waterman,	2 00
J. J. Monaghan,	5 00	E. Pattman, Esq.	2 00
R. M. Searls,	8 00	Charles Standart,	2 00
E. B. Leach,	2 00	James Russell, Esq.	2 00
Jos. K. Travers,	4 00	Matthias Day, Esq.	4 00
Elizabeth Lowdy,	2 00	R. H. Gillett, Esq.	2 00
Cephas M'Callar,	2 00	J. Bockingham, Esq.	5 00
S. Cushing, Jr.	7 00	Oliver Hamlin,	4 00
R. Stewart,	2 00	D. M'Clure, Esq.	2 60
W. A. Almond, Esq.	5 00	Adam Peters,	5 00
D. J. Mattocks, Esq.	2 00	J. P. Davis,	2 00
R. C. Stockton,	30 00	William Farguys,	4 00
S. M'Lellan, Esq.	1 60	H. B. Price & E. T. Diamond,	5 00
Horace Clark, Esq.	2 00	Thos. Phillips, Esq.	2 00
Levin Powell, Esq.	2 00	L. B. Holloway, Esq.	2 00
A. C. Deweese, Esq.	8 00	John Butner, Esq.	2 00
Edmund Tyge, Esq.	2 00	T. Fisher, Esq.	5 00
Thos. J. Latham,	1 00	W. H. Hughlett, Esq.	3 00
T. Tervant, Esq.	20 00	John M'Clure, Esq.	3 00
Asa B. Clark, Esq.	36 25	R. J. Chester, Esq.	10 00
J. W. Mason,	10 00	Moses Thomas, Esq.	5 00
James D. Osborn,	5 25	J. Banks, Esq.	2 00
William Lowry,	5 00	Dewitt Rent, Esq.	2 00
Willis Long, Esq.	5 00	L. Tremper, Esq.	6 00
P. Transeo, Esq.	6 00		
H. Alexander, Esq.	20 00		

AWARD.

The undersigned having been entrusted by Mr. S. C. Atkinson, the publisher of the Casket, with the examination of certain articles of prose and poetry, forwarded in competition for premiums offered by that gentleman; after a careful perusal of the various articles submitted, make the following award:—

To A. H. Smith, Esq. the premium of One Hundred Dollars, as the author of an original story, entitled "*The Outlaw of the Pines.*"

To Dr. John Bell, the premium of Thirty Dollars, as the author of an original Essay, entitled "*What of the Times?*"

To the Rev. Albert H. Muller, of South Carolina, the premium of Twenty-five Dollars, as the author of an article of poetry, entitled "*Sunset at Rome.*"

The committee beg leave to state, that among the unsuccessful Essays and Poetry are many articles of the highest order of merit, and that consequently much difficulty was experienced in selecting them; that under the circumstances were deemed worthy of the prizes.

Robt. Morris,
Charles Naylor,
Robert T. Conrad,
Joseph Pancoast,
Benj. Matthias.

Penmanship.—We are pleased to direct public attention once more, to the specimens of original and improved writing, exhibited by Mr. Bristow, at his rooms 119 Chesnut street. This gentleman is certainly a most successful teacher of penmanship. We are informed by a respected correspondent, that the handwriting of his two sons has been improved so much in twelve lessons, under the tuition of Mr. Bristow, that, although before totally ignorant, as it were, of the art, they now write beautifully. This is strong praise, but we know it to be well deserved.

THEATRICAL.

Miss Kemble had a good benefit on Saturday evening last, and on Monday her father drew the largest audience ever seen in Walnut street. The whole house was packed full. When the curtain fell, Mr. Kemble came forward and made his most sincere acknowledgements for the favors received, and was loudly and enthusiastically cheered. Nothing further has transpired relative to the affair of Miss K.'s aspersing the Americans. People seem to think the reporter of her speech was in error, and if he was not, that she had a right to speak her mind in private, as to what she saw. Actors and actresses are to be looked upon as public characters, whom we patronize in proportion to the pleasure they afford us. With their *private* opinions we have nothing to do, though we confess, that when we do take a liking to one, we should prefer that the love should be mutual.

The Italian Opera continues to give pleasure to the amateurs, and even to all who relish good music.— Those who do not understand the language, yet derive pleasure from the exhibition, if they view it simply as a concert. The permanent establishment of an Opera Company in America, is no longer considered doubtful, by the friends of the measure, and a house for that purpose is to be erected in New York.

Trenton, Friday, Feb. 1.—Considerable sensation has been manifested among a number of attendants of the Legislature relative to the Bill to incorporate the Delaware and Jobstown M'Adamized and Rail Road Company, which road is proposed to run from the Delaware river through the interior of Burlington Co. This bill was before the Legislature last year, but was laid over with the unfinished business; it has been before the House of Assembly, and postponed from time to time during the session. This morning it was called upon its final vote, and although it encountered some opposition, still its local advantages were esteemed so considerable to the County of Burlington, that it passed Assembly by a very decided vote. The result is an indication of the feelings of the House to grant Internal improvements, when they are of public benefit; and surely in this enlightened age, New Jersey should not be behind in the spirit of improvement which is abroad all over the earth, but avail herself of every means to develope her rich and inexhaustible resource, and promote as far as possible the convenience and prosperity of her citizens.

Duty on Tea and Coffee.—In the house of Representatives on Thursday, the amendment of Mr. Huntington of Connecticut, to strike out those sections of the *submission* Bill, which under the pretence of reducing the revenue imposed a duty on Tea and Coffee, was adopted.

This feature in the Bill, of imposing and additional duty on articles used more or less by every poor family in the United States, and which not being produced here, of course would operate as a tax on consumption, while in the same bill, wool is reduced to 15 per cent. ad valorem, shows fully, what our farmers and working men have to expect, from the justice of those who would fain have hurried through Congress this odious measure.

The cry from a certain quarter, is, reduce the revenue, to *lighten the burthens of the people*. And yet would they destroy the industry of the country, by employing foreigners and lay a tax upon what are now common articles of necessity under the idea *that they are luxuries*. Cannot our people see what these political jugglers are after—they would purchase the favor of South Carolina by reducing the sturdy sons of freemen to the condition of British operatives, or southern slaves.

Let Mr. Verplanck's bill, or any other bill to destroy the protective system, become a law, and not only would tea and coffee be luxuries among our mechanics and working men, but bread, and beef, and pork, would very soon become to them rare articles, or in the language of Mr. Verplanck, *luxuries!!!*—*N. Y. Advocate.*

The number of Waldie's Circulating Library of this week, contains an editorial article which is calculated to make a strong impression on its readers. The invention, for so it is called, of publishing books entire in this form, is forcibly illustrated, and we are not sure that the diffusion of knowledge may not date a new era from this publication. The editor says:—

"It is a striking remark of one of our most distinguished statesmen, that our mighty rivers, and the development of the riches they were made to convey, may almost be said to have determined both the time and the place of the invention of the steamboat. So in printing; "it too may be said to have come at the bidding of increased curiosity and intelligence." But in taking a survey of the immense territorial expanse of these states, we might ask, what avails a book manufactory in Philadelphia to a reader of Mississippi? For all available purposes of gratifying a literary taste by the early receipt of new books, a Mississippian, till the *invention* of our mode of circulating books, was twice as far from Philadelphia or New York as we are from London or Paris—in other words the delays of land and water carriage, to say nothing of the folder, stitcher, and binder, would effectually debar an inhabitant beyond the Mississippi from the receipt of a new book from this city, at the lowest calculation, for two months! and in the same proportion to any intermediate distance. The demand for books, for which schools and periodicals have paved the way, could no longer submit to these delays, which in literature were as vexatious to the reader, as the poling and warping system of transportation from New Orleans was to the merchant of Louisville or St. Louis. At the bidding of increased curiosity and intelligence, the present mode of publication has been devised.

One of the great objects to which the "Library" aspires, is to furnish good books to the body of intelligent and industrious population, "to be received at their homes, and read for instruction and recreation in their hours of leisure. To pour the stream of knowledge into the little channels which lead to every fireside, and by insinuating a taste for what some one has called 'the most innocent and lasting of our pleasures,' to impart a new charm and a new attraction to that congregation of secure and blessed enjoyments which we call *home*." * * * * *

"The "Select Circulating Library," for *a cent and a half a day*, postage included, will supply a duodecimo book every week to a man and his family; when he and his children have read it, it is his own, and may be sent to another family, or sold at the completion of each volume, for what it cost, even probably for more. * * * * * *

Knowledge is diffused, through the body of society to an extent hitherto unexampled, and this diffusion is increasing with a rapidity continually accelerated. We claim to be the pioneers of its still further increased diffusion in America, and our press we hope may yet be likened to "a baker's oven, occupied with working off not only rolls for the *breakfast* of the reader, but of loaves, the chief part of which will not, like the manna in the wilderness, be corrupted by the light of day, but of which much "is to be stored up" for future use.

Actual experiment on our part has repeatedly tested the difference between the price of a book in the usual form and in this. In one instance we furnished a volume entire to subscribers, for *twenty cents*; which cost in London *six dollars*; and in another for *forty cents*. We printed these afterwards in book size—the first is sold at *fifty cents*, and the wholesale price of the other is *one dollar*. Thus we furnish for *five dollars* what costs at even the lowest American price, *twelve dollars and a half*, and we supply it immediately, and simultaneously to all the states. With our present arrangements we can put a book in circulation in five or six weeks after it is issued in London. What constitutes this difference in price? The answer we are prepared to give. The cost of margin in books is a considerable item, which is principally saved by us —the cost of the press work too, is trebled by spreading types over a large surface—the binding also is an expensive item; and the interest and transportation fully make up the difference we have stated above. But are these *all* the advantages? At the conclusion of each half year, the "Library" will form a volume of reference exceeding 416 pages, in a compact, form, containing from fifteen to twenty separate and complete works, the cost of binding all of which will very little exceed that of binding one of the various publications of which it will consist. * * *

The plan was fully stated in the original prospectus, and from it we have not found any occasion to deviate; it was, to publish the newest and best books in the various departments of *Novels, Memoires, Tales, Travels, Sketches, Biography, &c.*—in short the whole range of popular literature. The editor will not, however, sacrifice at the shrine of *mere novelty* in any of these departments; when a new book does not offer of the required character, he will extend his research among the numerous works which he has already within his reach, besides what may be afforded by his regular importations from Europe; keeping in view to *cater* for his readers works which have not, by the number of reprints, become familiar to the majority. This field is so ample that he hopes to furnish *as good* matter at least, as is issued from other presses—that it will rarely be *the same* as has been previously sold by American booksellers, he ventures to believe will prove a decidedly valuable feature in the "Circulating Library," in which the editions are now so large as to make it imperative on him to use due diligence in furnishing good and wholesome aliment.

Horse Thief.—A man by the name of James Gregory, was brought to the Police Office yesterday afternoon on a charge of stealing a horse last summer from one of the towns in Maine. The fellow is a notorious character in this species of theft, and at the time he made this last "raise" turned his steps toward New York. An account of the robbery was sent to a brother of the owner of the horse, residing in this city, and the rogue was yesterday arrested by Mr. Huntington, one of the Police officers, while walking up Chatham street. It is expected he will be sent back to the State of Maine for trial.—*N. Y. Standard.*

Epitome of the Times.

Rumor.—It is stated in the Daily Intelligencer, that Henry Toland, Esq. has been appointed Navy Agent, in the place of George Harrison, Esq. It has been rumored for several days, that Col. James Page is about to be appointed Postmaster of Philadelphia, in place of the present incumbent, Thomas Sergeant, Esq.

We understand that several persons, residents of the south-western section of Philadelphia, have suddenly disappeared. One individual, named Yates, a very respectable citizen, left his house a few evenings since, in order to get a few oysters, and has not since been heard of. One or two have disappeared in a manner equally unaccountable.

Fatal Accident.—A little boy, four years old, the son of Mr. Henry Barton, of this city, was accidentally scalded so severely on Saturday, by pulling a kettle of boiling water over him, that he died in great pain a few hours afterwards.

Among the bills now before the Legislature, is one authorising the Saving Fund Society to receive deposits, not exceeding $400,000 in the aggregate, in addition to the amount now allowed by the charter.

We perceive that Mr. Matthias, of the State Legislature, has introduced a resolution for the consideration of that body for the abolition of Capital Punishment of Pennsylvania.

Auburn Prison.—From the annual report of the inspectors of this prison it appears that the amount of the earnings of the convicts for the past year is stated at $31,883 47; and the expenditures at $33,305 31.

Wheat.—Upwards of 288,000 bushels of wheat were transported on the Ohio Canal to Cleaveland, during the last year, and of this amount nearly one half passed Eastward through the Welland Canal.

A Mr. Leonard was last week killed at a rolling mill in Pipetown. One of the bolts detached itself from the fly wheel, which striking him, cut him entirely in two.

One or two sloops of war, several revenue cutters, and two government steam boats, are in the harbor of Charleston, S. C.

Gen. Blair, was fined, by the Court, 300 dollars for his assault on Green, and costs; the costs may amount to 50 dollars more. The excuse of insanity did not operate here as it did in the theatre case, where it reduced the fine to five dollars.—*Alexandria Gaz.*

Bass's Last.—Why is the moist state of the weather like the present state of affairs in South Carolina? Because it tries man's *soles*.

At Pittsburg, on the 1st instant, the Ohio river was in good navigable order, and rising rapidly.

The Legislature of Indiana has finally passed the bill to establish a State Bank—capital $1,000,000. It is supposed it will go into operation in two or three months.

The annual number of Newspapers which pass through the New York Post Office, is estimated at *eleven millions eight hundred thousand.*

The Baltimore Patriot say, there is but one Nullifier in the House of Delegates, and not one in the Senate of Maryland.

A second cargo of Flour arrived here yesterday from Havana—this is reversing the usual order of trade.—*Charleston Cour.*

The number of Depositors in the Boston Savings' Institution, since July 1st, is 4,111, from whom has been received, $133,937.

Washington Gossip.—They whisper that Mr. Webster is to be Chief Justice—neither the Judiciary nor the Tariff bill will pass—the Globe will not be the official always—and it is probable that none of the gossip is very true.

A verdict of five thousand dollars damages has lately been given, in New York, against Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the Richmond Hill Theatre, for seduction. It appeared in evidence that Graham was a married man, and that he told the girl his name was Thomas Howland.

A dog, belonging to an Irishman residing in this town, is in the habit of paying a visit twice or three a week to the wife of his owner, in the city of Boston. Dividing his attachment between the two, Tray trudges to the city, spends an hour or two with his mistress, and then faces about and returns to his master. Messages have been transmitted by him.—*Lowell Com.*

The New York Firemen's Ball went off with great eclat. About $900 were raised in aid of their Charity Fund.

Forgery.—A forged check for $1300 on the Leather Manufacturers' Bank, was presented at the counter on Monday and paid.

Joseph L. Hays, who lately resigned as Police Marshal of the city of New York, during the term of his service in the Police Office, served 5000 warrants on persons whom he was called upon to arrest for various offences.

The Senate of Virginia have struck out the 22d of February, as the day for choosing a Senator of the United States, and inserted the 15th, to which change the House agreed.

Robbery.—A trunk containing between seven and eight thousand dollars in bills of various New England banks, was broken open between Greenfield and Boston, Mass., on Monday evening last, and the money stolen. A reward of $500 has been offered for its recovery.

Munitions of War.—The Charleston Courier of the 21st says—"We understand that ten or twelve 18 pounders, with upwards of two thousand stand of arms and other warlike appearances, for the use of the state, arrived here on Saturday, in the U. S. brig *Jones*, from New York."

An editor "down east" complaining that some of his readers consider the passage, "he that runs may read," as authority for running in debt to him, while others consider it a justification for *running* away, and adds that if they continue to run into this error they will *run* him down.

A lady of Saratoga complains of the gentlemen of that village walking with their hands in their pockets, and earnestly conjures them to abandon the odious practice, and keep their hands warm by wearing gloves, or, if gloves are not sufficient, she suggests the propriety of borrowing their grandmother's muffs. That's right, "Lucy."

The expenses of the city of Albany, growing out of the cholera, amount to $19,119.

A new piece called "Nullification," is to be produced at the Bowery Theatre, N. Y.

An instance of somnambulism occurred at Marblehead on the evening of the 21st. A child of Mr. Thomas Brown, aged 6 years, arose from bed, opened the chamber window, and leaped out—but no material injury was sustained from the fall.

An Ohio editor tells his readers that a few sleigh rides are projected, in the following western style— "We are requested to announce to the *Fair*, that several glorious rides will be positively got up, provided Sol does not soon smile too warmly on Diana Terra in her beautiful new white drapery."

An Irishman charged with abusing his wife in a drunken fit, appeared much dejected when brought before the magistrate. "Friend," said the latter, "be of good cheer—you shall have justice done you." "Faith," replied Pat, "that's just what I'm being afraid of."

Mrs. Royall says she is "much pleased with the appearance and gentlemanly manners of Gen. Black, the new Senator from Mississippi."

The Nashville Republican contradicts the rumor relative to the appointment of Major Eaton to office, and asserts that he is a candidate for the Senate in opposition to Mr. Grundy.

Mutiny.—Captain Day of the brig Thomas & Williams, (cleared recently for City Point, Va.) returned last evening from the Balize with two of his men in custody, and in irons. At the Balize they had refused to perform duty, and became so disorderly as to render this proceeding necessary.—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

The establishment of the Columbia Gazette, published in Georgetown, (D. C.) is for sale, with or without the printing materials.

A Cincinnati paper, in applauding a plan of a great National University at Washington, remarks, that Washington "bequeathed two millions of dollars out of his private fortune, for such an institution." This is the most important news that came to us by yesterday's mail.

The Rev. Mr. Avery ranks next to nullification, says a queer editor, in the public mind.

Upper Canada.—The bill for improvement of the St. Lawrence, which appropriates $350,000 for cutting a canal round Long Sault Rapids, has passed the Committee of the whole in the Upper Canada Assembly, and it is believed will become a law.—The canal is to be nine feet deep and intended for a schooner navigation.

Lower Canada.—The Assembly of Lower Canada have resolved by a vote of 38 to 3 to present articles of impeachment against the Honorable and Worshipful James Kerr, one of the Judges of Court of King's Bench and a Judge of the Vice Admiralty Court.

The Quebec Mercury of the 22d ultimo, mentions that on the previous day, Seals, in great abundance, were seen in the St. Lawrence opposite that city.

According to a recent official report respecting the situation of the Bank of the Commonwealth in Kentucky, the specie and United States paper on hand is $1145—the paper of the Bank in circulation $152,592 —the notes under discount $516,114—notes lying suit $158,314.

Going the Whole Hog.—A hog was raised at Ipswich the last year, by Mr. Benj. Averill, which gained 492 pounds in 309 days. He was 18 months old, and weighed, when killed and dressed, 652 pounds. —*Essex Reg.*

The Bank of West Florida has been removed to Appalachicola, and arrangements have been made with the Banks of Columbus, Georgia, by which the bills of that institution are bankable there.

At the Button Manufactory of Messrs. Robinsons, Jones & Co., of Attleboro', Ms. more than 100 persons are employed. They produce 150 gross a day.

The improvement bill passed the lower house at Harrisburg, by a vote of 59 to 30, with provision for a double track on the Columbia rail road.

Judge Smith has been impeached before the Senate of Illinois. Among the charges, is one for imprisoning a Quaker for refusing to take off his hat in Court.

It often happens that after a tooth has been extracted, that the blood continues to ooze through it, for a considerable time. This bleeding may be stopped by taking a little wool from a hat, and pressing it into the vacancy left by the tooth.

Real Estate of the value of $433,000, belonging to the late William Gilbert, was sold in New York on Monday by auction. It is situated in the 8th, 9th and 10th wards, and cost twenty years ago only about $10,000. There remains unsold, lots estimated to be worth $100,000.

The funded debt of the city of New York is about $500,000. The taxable real estate is valued at $104,000,000.

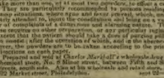
Quick Travelling.—The Government Express from Washington to Charleston, S. C. returned on [illegible]

[illegible]

La Mott's Cough Drops. [text of advertisement illegible]

Paper and Rag Warehouses. [text of advertisement illegible]

Marshall's Ague & Fever Powders. [text of advertisement illegible]



Watches, Jewellery, Spectacles, &c. [text of advertisement illegible]

The Office of the Lehigh Coal [illegible]

[illegible]

THE PHILADELPHIAN. [illegible]

POST OFFICE. [illegible]

ALMANACK. [table illegible]

Harmony Fire Company. [illegible]

MARRIAGES. [illegible]

DEATHS. [illegible]

FORTUNE'S BOWER, 93 CHESNUT STREET. [illegible]

Union Canal Lottery of Pennsylvania. [illegible]

New York Consolidated Lottery. [illegible]

Grand Consolidated Class, No. Seven. [illegible]

Dr. Stouse's celebrated Infant Drops. [illegible]

Fifty Cents Reward. [illegible]

Single Copies of this Paper [illegible]

JOURNAL OF HEALTH. [illegible]

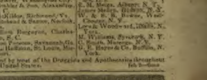
Cocalico Mill Stones. [illegible]

A Family Tour in Holland. [illegible]

New and Cheap Periodicals. [illegible]

Watches, &c. [illegible]

Dr. Mead's Pills [illegible]



Important Invention. [illegible]

Fall Ribbons. [illegible]

AGENCY OF THE CASKET [illegible]

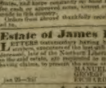
Baker's Intelligence Office, [illegible]

Paper Warehouse. [illegible]

Estate of James King, dec'd. [illegible]

A CARD. [illegible]

Steam Boat Notice, FOR WILMINGTON.



[illegible]

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity;
Sport that wrinkled care divides,
And laughter, holding both his sides.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

I wish the fashions were the same
As thirty years ago,
I can't imagine what can make
The tailors change them so!
When I was in my youth, I made
A coat of homespun do,
And thought it very fine to have
My hair tied in a cue.

And in those days our breeches were
All buckled at the knees,
And silver buckles would caress
The best of company;
Our beavers were of comely shape,
And kept off sun and rain—
Oh how I wish those broad brimmed hats
Would come in vogue again.

I'm troubled with a half yard
Of cloth about my feet;
My coat is made so very small,
The laps will hardly meet;
Tight knees are all the fashion now,
And shoes must have square toes,
Where the fashions will arrive at last,
The tailor hardly knows.

The dandies of the present day,
Have guard chains all of gold,
You'd think their monstrous pocket-book
Was filled with wealth untold!
My father wore a silver watch,
And eke a good steel chain,
And well I remember his straight
Old pewter headed cane.

He owned a large and thrifty farm
Of wood and meadow land,
And always had a plenty of
The dollar coins on hand.
I guess some dashy friends of mine,
Would find it rather hard
To pay for coats they're wearing now,
At "two pounds ten per yard."

But as for me, I wish I had
My silver dollars back,
I'd recollect my father's ways,
And tread the time-old track;
I'd never do as I have done,
Risk hundreds on a bet,
Nor be "bled so oft to try,
"Clean pockets here to let."

Among the Toasts given at a recent Anniversary Celebration of the *Franklin Typographical Society*, Boston, we notice the following:—

The United States—A splendid form of 24's—Let no ambitious devil knock a single page of it into *pi*.

The Mayor of Boston—His fellow citizens chose a mechanic as a *guide* for the Literary Emporium, and the *first proof* fully *justified* the experiment.

The People of the United States—Those who will not *hang together*, may go and be *hung separately*.

South Carolina—Though *scheming* for *fat*, she may feel Nullification a *lean take*—Should she refuse the *solid matter* of the Proclamation, let the President give her *leaded*.

A very reprehensible practice prevails in our country which all good men should discountenance, as far as they may have the opportunity. We allude to the introduction of texts, or parts of texts, from the Scriptures, as toasts, at political and other public dinners and festivals. This use of passages of the Bible is always irreverent, very often marked with impiety, and not unfrequently with blasphemy. We hope it proceeds from thoughtlessness, rather than from a disposition to jest with sacred things.

LONDON DESCRIBED BY AN INDIAN CHIEF.—The Rev. P. Jones, the Indian Chief, thus writes to the editor of the Canadian Guardian:—"London is a great city, and is full of people. I wonder how they all get their living; for they are as thick as musquetoes, and almost run over one another. Here you may see the rich man who has every thing that he wants, and here you see the poor man who knows not where he may get his next meal."

A short sketch of the great amounts that some of the officers of Great Britain receive from that Government per annum.

The 339 Noblemen, with seats in Parliament, with families, receive annually	£2,754,836
The 207 Noblemen, without seats in Parliament, with families, receive annually	978,000
The total amount is	£3,732,836

[illegible] more than the whole expenses of the United States Government.

BARTER FOR NEWSPAPERS.—The editor and publisher of the *Hiwassee and Athens Gazette*, issued at Athens, Tenn. contains the following pathetic appeal; which has been repeated in its columns nearly as often as our printer's "Important!" notice to his subscribers. We fear that either conscience or the civil law will be found to be the only power worth invoking [illegible].

"☞ We do most earnestly request of our subscribers, to supply us with a few of the necessaries of life. Wheat, rye, corn, flour, oats, barley, buckwheat, rice, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, pork, beef, mutton, turkeys, chickens, eggs, butter, cheese, fodder, hay, feathers, tallow, beeswax, cotton, wool, hemp, flax, linen, linsey, peas, beans, hog's lard, leather, beef hides, deer skins, or clean rags, (cash is out of the question) or any of them, will be gladly received, and we hope our subscribers will not be backward in furnishing us with a part of them.

"☞ A few loads of FIRE WOOD would be very acceptable."

The Boston Transcript gives the following as the *latest fashion*—"A lady of high ton wishing to retire from her box at the Tremont Theatre, on Monday evening last, and having too much kindness to disturb the gentleman behind her, hopped over into the next box, from the door of which she made her egress. The *delicacy* of the movement excited the admiration of the house."

A country paper in the interior of Pennsylvania, by way of ridiculing the doctrine of state sovereignty, says.—"Only imagine, if Delaware should throw herself on her sovereignty, after the manner of South Carolina! What would be the fate of the neighboring States?" To this, the editor of the York (Pa.) Republican, (a native of Delaware) very properly replies, that if "little Delaware" ever should throw herself upon her sovereignty, she will "*do as much* as Pennsylvania *did*, or Carolina *will do*." Just about the same. No State of this Union—large or small—can succeed in this "constructive" evolution of throwing itself upon its sovereignty. The duration of the Union is not to be limited by the will or caprice of any one of its members. And we are among those who trust, with the writer of the last message of the President to Congress, that it is "INDISSOLUBLE."

MANUFACTURES.—The annexed statistical information is furnished by the Philadelphia Inquirer—"The whole amount of capital invested in manufactures in 1831, in the States of Virginia, Maryland, Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, in all, twelve States, was $40,614,984. This sum was invested in 795 manufactories or mills, which employed upwards of sixty thousand persons, upon whose wages upwards of *one hundred and twenty thousand* lived."

EPIGRAM, BY LORD BYRON.

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—A counsellor was asked by a judge why he was always employed in knavish causes? "Why, your honour," replied he, "I have been so much in the habit of losing good causes, that I thought I had better undertake bad ones."

DISPUTE SETTLED.—Two fools quarrelling about the world's age in the presence of Voltaire, he thus terminated the dispute. I believe, said he, that the world is like an old coquette, and conceals its age.

A GOOD TURN.—"I would advise you to put your head in a *dye-tub*," said a joker to a little red-haired girl. "In return, sir, I would advise you to put yours in an *oven*," was the reply.

THE DIFFERENCE.—What is the difference between a warrior and an infant? The one is in, and the other under arms.

A CONUNDRUM.—Why is a debtor confined in jail, like a leaky boat? D'ye give it up? Because he wants *bailing out*.

A HUMAN PRIVILEGE.—Brutes never made themselves ridiculous—that is the peculiar prerogative of man.

Handsome women, when intoxicated by the fume of adulation, often render themselves ridiculous by a thousand indiscretions, even in the eyes of their admirers.

CONUNDRUM.—The Lowell Mercury asks—Why are good singers like Codfish? Because they have nothing better than *tongues* and *sounds*.

When Cato is encouraging his little senate to hold out against Cæsar to the last he says, "Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?"

He who imagines that he can do without the world, is much deceived—but he who fancies that the world cannot do without him, is still more deceived.

CELIBACY.—Is a miserable lot. It is a branchless tree growing up but to decay, without a limb to shelter its trunk from the storms of existence.

A BULL.—Lord Byron says, "The batteaux of Switzerland are sometimes *manned* by women."

Keep thy eyes wide open before marriage, and half shut afterwards.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit to one man of sense: and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at loss for want of ready change.—*Pope.*

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.

Instinct is a particular disposition or tendency in a living being to embrace, without deliberation or reflection, the means of self-preservation, and to perform on particular occasions, such other actions as are required by its economy, without having any perception to what end or purposes it acts, or any idea of the utility and advantage of its own operation. Climbing plants afford a curious instance of this instructive economy. Some of these having very slender stems, cannot, like most other plants, grow of themselves in a perpendicular direction; but in order to compensate for this incapacity, nature has given them the power of moving or twining their branches and tendrils different ways, until they generally meet with a tree or some other body on which to climb, to attach themselves; and when a tendril has laid hold of a support, it coils up and draws the stem after it.*

Trees and other vegetables have likewise the power of directing their roots for procuring nourishment;—for instance, a tree growing near a ditch, will be found to direct its roots straight downwards, on the side next the ditch, until they reach the ground below it, when they will throw off fibres underneath, and ramify like the root on the other side of a tree. Some curious examples of this kind of instinct are related by Lord Kaimes, among which is the following:—"A quantity of fine compost for flowers happened to be laid at the foot of a full grown elm, where it lay neglected three or four years; when moved in order to be carried off, a net work of elm fibres spread *through* the whole heap; and no fibres had before appeared at the surface of the ground."

Many flowers also fold up their leaves on the approach of fall or in cold cloudy weather, and unfold them again when cheered by the reanimating influence of the sun. This is remarkably exemplified in the *convolvulus arvensis*, *anagallis arvensis*, and many others, but more particularly in the last, whence it has been called the poor man's weather glass.

In Watson's Chemical Essays, also, it is stated that trefoil, wood-sorrel mountain ebony, the African marigold, and many others, are so regular in folding up their leaves before rainy weather, that these motions have been considered as a kind of instinct similar to that of ants.—*Tupper on the Probability of Sensation in Vegetables.*

Some plants open their petals to receive rain, others avoid it; some contract at the approach of a storm, others at the approach of night; while some expand and blossom only to the evening air.

Near the cape certain flowers form a species of chronometer. The *morea unguiculata* and *undulata* open at nine in the morning and close at four; the *ixia cinnamonea* opens at the time the other closes, and sheds a delicious perfume throughout the night.

The stamina of the flowers of sorrel thorn are so peculiarly irritable, that when touched, they will incline almost two inches, and the upper joint of the leaf of the *dionæa* is formed like a machine to catch food. When an insect therefore settles on its glands, the tender parts become irritated, and the two lobes rise up, grasp the insect and crush it to death. The plane tree exhibits the power of exercising a sagacity for securing food not unworthy of an animal. Lord Kaimes relates, that among the ruins of New Abbey, in the county of Galloway, there grew in his time, on the top of one of its walls, a plane tree upwards of twenty feet in height. Thus situated, it became straitened for food and moisture, and therefore gradually directed its roots down the side of the wall, till they reached the ground at the distance of ten feet. When they had succeeded in this attempt, the upper roots no longer shot out fibres, but united in one, and shoots vigorously sprung up from the root which had succeeded in reaching the earth.

The island of St. Lucia presents a still more curious phenomenon in the animal flower. This organization lives in a large basin, the water of which is brackish. It is more brilliant than the marigold which it resembles. But when the hand is extended towards it, it recoils, and retires like a snail in the water. It is supposed to live on the spawn of fish.

In Java grows a plant, the *Nepenthes distillatoria*, remarkable for having a small vegetable bag attached to the base of its leaves. This bag is covered with a lid which moves on a strong fibre, answering the purpose of a hinge. When dews rise, or rains descend, the lid opens; when the bag is saturated, the lid falls and closes so tightly, that no evaporation can take place. The moisture thus imbibed, cherishes the seed, and is gradually absorbed into the body of the plant.

* A mistake. The tendril does not draw the stem after it, it merely supports it. The stem increases in length only from the growth at the end. The limb of a tree and the tendril of a vine are always at the same distance from the ground.

A SITTING—STANDING—WALKING—MONUMENT.—"At a religious meeting lately, the house was crowded, the scene solemn, and the sermon very interesting. In the midst of the exercise, in came a man drunk!! He seated himself near the minister and after letting his confused thoughts 'fly out' several times, the minister touched upon human depravity in language similar to the following: "We need not range in foreign lands—we need not peruse the periodicals of the day, for evidence; we have it sitting;" (the man arose:) "we have it standing;" (the man started towards the door—muttering, "I guess I'll go home,") "yea, walking in person before us!" At this ridiculous scene there was scarcely a smile; a deep solemnity and universal pity pervaded the audience."

Whoever considers the study of Anatomy, I believe, will never be an Atheist: the frame of a man's body, and coherence of his parts, being so strange and paradoxical, that I hold it to be the greatest miracle of nature: though when all is done, I do not find she had made it so much as proof against one disease, lest it should be thought to have made it no less than a prison to the soul.—*Lord Herbert of Cherbury.*

A QUERY ANSWERED.

A gentleman once asked his son, "What word in the English language, taking away the first letter, would surely make *you sick*?" In answer to which the following epigramatic reply was returned.

Take this—for I can find no better:
The word you mean is *musick;*
By cutting off the initial letter,
'Twill certainly make u-sick.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH WOMEN.

From a critical notice of "Mirabeau's Letters from England," we extract the following account of the French women by that celebrated character:

The French women.—"When a French lady comes into a room the first thing that strikes you is, that she walks better, has her head and feet better dressed—her clothes better fancied and better put on than any woman you have ever seen."

"When she talks she is the art of pleasing personified. Her eyes, her lips, her words, her gestures, are all prepossessing. Her language is the language of amiableness—her accents are the accents of grace—she embellishes a trifle—interests upon nothing—she softens a contradiction—she takes off the insipidness of a compliment by turning it elegantly—and when she has a mind, she sharpens the point of an epigram better than all the women in the world.

"Her eyes sparkle with spirit—the most delightful sallies flashes from her fancy—in telling a story she is inimitable—the motions of her body and the accents of her tongue, are equally gentle and easy—an equable flow of sprightliness keeps her constantly good humored and cheerful, and the only objects of her life is to please and be pleased.

"Her vivacity sometimes approaches to folly—but perhaps it is not in moments of folly that she is least interesting and agreeable. English women have many points of superiority over the French—the French are superior to them in many other. Here I shall only say, there is a particular idea, in which no woman in the world can compare with a French woman—it is in the power of intellectual irritation. She will draw wit out of a fool. She strikes with such address the cords of self love, that she gives unexpected vigor and agility to fancy, and electrifies a body that appears non-electric.

English Women.—"I have mentioned here the women of England; I have done wrong; I did not intend it when I began the letter. They came into my mind as the only women in the world worthy of being compared with those of France. I shall not presume to determine whether in the important article of beauty, form and colours are to be preferred to expression and grace; or whether grace and expression are to be considered preferable to complexion, and shape. I shall not examine whether the *piquant* of France is to be thought superior to the *touchant* of England; or whether deep sensibility deserves to be preferred to animation and wit. So important a subject requires a volume. I shall give a trait. If a goddess could be supposed to be formed, Juno would be the emblem of the women of this country, [England.] Venus as she is, with all her amiableness and imperfections, may stand justly enough, for an emblem of French women. I have decided the question without intending it, for I have given the perfections to the Women of England.

"One point I had forgotten; and it is a material one.

It is not to be disputed on; for what I am going to write is the opinion and sentiment of the universe. The English women are the best wives under Heaven—and shame be on the men who make them bad husbands."

MODERN DICTIONARY.

DISTANT RELATIONS—People who imagine they have a right to rob you if you are rich, and to insult you if you are poor.

HEART—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

HOUSEWIFERY—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

WEALTH—The most respectable quality of man.

VIRTUE—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

HONOR—Shooting a friend through the head whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you despise and hate.

MARRIAGE—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth.

FRIEND—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.

WEDDED BLISS—A term used Milton.

DOCTOR—A man who kills you to-day, to save you from dying to-morrow.

LUNATIC ASYLUM—A kind of hospital where detected lunatics are sent by those who have the adroitness to conceal their own infirmity.

WATER—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.

TRAGEDIAN—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a violent passion for so much a night.

CRITIC—A large dog, that goes unchained, and barks at every thing he does not comprehend.

STATE'S EVIDENCE—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

SENSIBILITY—A quality by which its possessor, in attempting to promote the happiness of other people, loses his own.

MY DEAR—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

THE WICKED SON.

A father was saying,
To his son disobeying,
No father e'er had so wicked a son;
"Yes, yes, says the lad,
I remember good dad,
My grandfather—he had just such a one."

He who is curious and inquisitive about his neighbours' errors, will not be ready to amend his own.

Rural Economist.

POULTRY.—Fowls of every sort may be profitably fed on boiled potatoes and meal mixed. Hens which do not lay in winter, should have access to pounded bones, oyster shells, or some other matter which contains lime, in some of its compounds, because something of the kind is necessary to form the shells of the eggs, which are composed of the phosphate of lime.

Cobbett's Cottage Economy observes that pullets, that is, birds hatched the foregoing spring, are the best laying hens in winter. "At any rate let them not be more than two or three years old. They should be kept in a warm place, and not let out even in the day time in wet weather; for one good sound wetting will keep them back a fortnight. The dry cold, even the severest cold, if dry, is less injurious than even a little wet in winter time. If the feathers get wet, in our climate in winter, or in short days they do not get dry for a long time; and this it is that spoils and kills many of our fowls.

"The French, who are great egg eaters, take great pains as to the food of laying hens in winter. They let them out but very little, even in their fine climate, and give them very stimulating food; barley boiled and given them warm; curds, buckwheat, (which I believe is the best thing of all, excepting curds,) parsley, and other herbs chopped fine; oats and wheat sifted; and sometimes they give them hemp seed, and the seed of nettles; or dried nettles, harvested in summer and boiled in winter. Some give them ordinary food, and once a day toasted bread sopped in wine. White cabbages chopped up are very good for all sorts of poultry."

It has been said by other writers, that poultry, as well as pigs, are much benefited by placing charcoal, broken into small pieces, in situations to which they have access. This substance, it is said, adds to the appetites, and helps the digestion of these animals; and, as it is cheap, and cannot be possibly injurious, it may be adviseable to use it as a constituent for their diet.

A proportion of animal food, mixed with vegetable food, is said to cause poultry to thrive much faster than they would otherwise. If they have space to range in, where they can pick up grass-hoppers and other insects, they will thrive faster. But they should for some time before they are killed for eating, be fed exclusively, on food which will not have a tendency to give a bad relish to their flesh.—*N. England Farmer.*

RAT-EXTERMINATOR.—The dangerous consequences frequently resulting from attempting to destroy rats with arsenic, has led to experiments for the attainment of the end, by less hazardous means. The experiments have resulted in the following recommendation—Reduce plaster of Paris (sulphate of lime) to fine powder, mix it well with an equal quantity of oat or indian meal, and place it in the cellar, or other place infested with rats, and they will soon disappear. The mixture is greedily eaten, and its dryness excites the animal to drink water. As soon as the plaster is moistened, it *sets*, or becomes compact, and finally grows so hard that it destroys him. It is affirmed, that the rat is the only animal that is known to eat this mixture.

HONEY LOCUST BEER.—RECIPE.—Take one bushel of honey locusts, seeds and pods, when about ripe, break them up into a barrel, and fill it with boiling water; let it stand until milk warm, then add a pint of good yeast. Put in the bung lightly, until fermentation is nearly over, then rack off, as with cider, when clear, bottle it and wire the corks. When kept a few months it is equal to sparkling champaigne. It may be used in two days after it is made.—*Western Tiller.*

On the Culture of Cæsarean Kale.—The culture of this variety, (Cæsarean kale,) makes every day greater progress, (is coming every day more into notice,) and on all occasions proves, that it is not injured by being planted with other vegetables. In winter, when all other green food fails, this species of cabbage, which is from four to six feet high, gives a great abundance and lasts a long time. The large leaves are to be cut for cattle; a new growth takes place even during the winter. In the spring, when all other vegetables are scarce, this plant furnishes a great quantity of buds, which are delicious, and are not surpassed by asparagus.—The leaves are also excellent nourishment for sheep, particularly for such as give milk during the winter. The seeds should be sown in the spring, or at the commencement of summer; before the plants get too large, they should be planted out at the distance of two feet—they succeed very well with turnips.

Indian Cure for the Ear Ache.—Take a piece of the lean of mutton, about the size of a large walnut, put it into the fire, and burn it for some time, till it becomes reduced almost to a cinder; then put it into a piece of clean rag, and squeeze it until some moisture is expressed, which must be dropped into the ear as hot as the patient can bear it.

Recipe for making Cider without Apples:—
25 gals. water,
12 lbs. moist Sugar,
8 oz. tartaric acid,
2 qts. alcohol, at 36 degrees,
4 oz. elder flowers,
Mix and brew them in the regular way, when fermentation is over, bung up the cask and leave it quiet for ten days—then fine and bottle off.—*Blairsville Record.*

FUEL.—By experiments made in Philadelphia, under the direction of the American Philosophical Society, it has been satisfactorily ascertained, that by burning wood or other fuel, in our common open fire-places, we avail ourselves of only *one-tenth part of the heat produced*: the remaining nine-tenths being drawn up chimney with the current of air, or being otherwise expended and lost. While at the same time, by burning the same fuel in a common *cast iron* stove, with five and a half feet of pipe, *forty-five hundredths*, or nearly one-half of the heat produced, is rendered available. And agreeably to this calculation, one cord of wood burnt in a stove, will produce as much available heat as four and a half cords burnt in an open fire-place. The same experiments prove, that a sheet-iron stove, saves, with the same length of pipe, about twenty-two hundredths more of the heat produced, than a cast iron stove. With this difference, the gain of heat is proportioned to the length of the pipe, until the pipe reaches the length of forty-two feet, at which length the entire amount of heat appears to be expended. This theory too, in its general principles is too plain to be misconceived by any one. Who does not know that if the whole amount of that which is continually pouring up the chimney, and heating it to the very top, were thrown out into the room, the difference would be very *great!*

The inhabitants of high northern latitudes understand this matter very well, and accordingly carry their stove-pipes sometimes around the entire circumference of their rooms.

PUBLIC EXPENDITURES.

Compiled from the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Years. To Dec.	Civil List.	Foreign intercourse.	Military services, including fortifications, arsenals, armories, ordnance and internal improvements.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Just Published
ATKINSON'S CASKET, FOR JANUARY, 1833.

EMBELLISHMENTS—
A Splendid Portrait of Wm. Penn; Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.; Lausanne; Kosciusko's Monument at West Point; Music—"Cynthia."—"And hast thou left me, Love."

CONTENTS.
[illegible]

The character of this periodical continues to improve in point of typography and matter, while the embellishments are not exceeded in beauty and costliness by those of any American work of similar character. [illegible]

Address (post paid) SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, No. 12 Hudson's Alley, [illegible]

Catechism of American Law.

[illegible]

Opinion of Chancellor Kent.

"I have perused the greater part of the MSS. of an elementary digest, or *Catechism of American Law*, designed for common school education, and about to be published by Mr. S. C. Atkinson, of Philadelphia. [illegible]
New York, Sept. 10, 1832. JAMES KENT."

Opinion of Chief Justice Marshall.

"After a serious reading of the "Catechism of American Law," I am free to say, I think it well adapted, both in manner and matter, to accomplish the intended purpose. [illegible]
J. MARSHALL."

[illegible]

To the Public.

THE subscriber having obtained Letters Patent for an excellent improvement on

ELLIPTICAL STEEL SPRINGS, [illegible]
CHAS. HINCKLE.

To Watchmakers.

A COMPLETE set of tools, some good materials, and an approved regulator, with other necessary articles for watchmakers, for sale by H. STOCKTON, No. 135 Vine Street.

$5 Reward.

ABSCONDED on the 19th inst. an indented apprentice to the Lamp Black making business, named William Red [illegible]
S. F. SHOEL.

Valuable Documents.

THE Constitution of the United States; President Jackson's Proclamation; Washington's Farewell Address, [illegible]

WRITING
ON THE ANTI-ANGULAR SYSTEM,

CONTINUES to be taught by the real inventor, with the most distinguished success, at the
Academy, 119 Chesnut Street,
Philadelphia, 6 doors above the Post Office.
[illegible]

ANTI-ANGULAR SYSTEM OF
WRITING
Taught perfectly in 12 easy Lessons of 1 hour each, Daily!
By Mr. BRISTOW, of London,
FINISHING WRITING MASTER.
[illegible]
Strangers visiting this city, and whose stay is short, can be finished in three days, by taking four lessons per day.

Mrs. Clayton's Intelligence Office,

NO. 74 Locust Street, between Eighth and Ninth, Philadelphia.—Cooks, Waiters, Chambermaids, Children's Nurses and Servants of all sorts, supplied on the shortest notice. [illegible]

Dr. Warren's Cough Mixture,

A new and valuable Remedy for all Affections of the Lungs. [illegible]
Sold by ISAAC THOMPSON, N. W. corner of Market and Second sts.—and HARLAN & SIDDALL, S. W. corner of Fifth and Minor sts.

12 1-2 Cents Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber, in Kingsessing township, Philadelphia county, on the 24th inst. an indented colored girl, about 15 years of age, of tawny complexion, and very sharp black eyes; whoever takes up said runaway, shall receive 12½ cents reward, but no charges. All persons are cautioned not to harbour her. JOHN HUNT, Jr.

Doctor Jackson's
Arcanum of America, or Cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, and numbness of Limbs.

[illegible]

Look Here!—10 per ct. Saved.

PERSONS commencing housekeeping, country storekeepers, and others, wishing to purchase Looking Glasses, Fancy Hardware, Cutlery, &c. can save ten per cent in their purchases, by applying to C. K. SERVOSS, Cheap Looking Glass and Fancy Hardware Store, 60, North Second St. four doors above Arch, Philada.

Pulmonary Balsam.

A VALUABLE medicine for colds, coughs, &c. for sale by Isaac Thompson, N. W. corner of Second and Market sts. [illegible]

Keerl's Rheumatic Plaster

IS confidently recommended as the most effectual and cheapest remedy now in use for Rheumatic Pains, Sprains, Pains in the Breast and Back, &c. [illegible]
ISAAC THOMPSON, N. W. corner of 2d and Market sts.

Reticule Twine, Purse Silk, &c.

THE subscriber would invite his customers and others to call and examine his assortment of the above articles, [illegible]
L. H. WIGGINS.

A Very Valuable Farm
AT PRIVATE SALE.

SITUATED in the Great Valley, Chester County, 25 miles from Philadelphia, [illegible]

A Card.

[illegible]

DANCING SCHOOL.

MR. B. AUGUST has the honor to inform the inhabitants of Philadelphia, that he has re-opened his South Dancing School, [illegible]

Peach Trees.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, [illegible]
JOHN PERKINS.

Harvey L. Sellers,

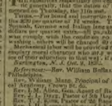
DENTAL SURGEON, No. 230 Arch street two doors above Ninth street. Office hours, 9 A. M. till 4 P. M.

New Drug Store.

EDWARD B. GARRIGUES [illegible]

Boarding and Tuition.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his patrons and the public generally, [illegible]
PETER POWELL.



TETTER Ointment.

THIS OINTMENT [illegible]

A REMARKABLE CURE OF THE TETTER. [illegible]
RACHEL SMITH.

CERTIFICATE OF SCALD-HEAD. [illegible]
CATHARINE MILLER.

A Card.
ELLIS MIDDLETON, DENTIST, [illegible]

Circular.

THE subscriber purposes removing his School, [illegible]
SAMUEL W. BLACK.

DOUBLE LOOPED STOCKINET
SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

☞ A new article of a superior quality. ☞
JOSEPH HIBBERT, No. 354 North Sixth street, [illegible]

New Jewellery Store.
SPLENDID FILLAGREE EAR RINGS, &c.

[illegible]

Removal.

MRS E. HENLEY, tenders her thanks to her customers and the public, [illegible]

FRIENDS' BOOKS.

GEORGE FOX'S Works; [illegible]
DAVID CLARK. THOMAS H. JACKSON.

MERRILL'S
MEDICATED SIDE PLASTER.

[illegible]

Press Screws, Fire Proof Doors, &c.

[illegible]
CHARLES EVANS.

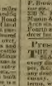
H. V. KAMPEN,
DENTIST,
No. 8 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Dancing School.

N. CASS respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Philadelphia, [illegible]

Removal.

JOSEPH E. McILHENNEY, Dentist, and Manufacturer of Incorruptible Teeth, [illegible]



Misses C. & S. Jahns,

RESPECTFULLY inform the Ladies of the city and vicinity of Philadelphia, and elsewhere, that they have just opened
A FANCY MILLINERY,
At No. 92 North Ninth street, and 48 Arch street, [illegible]

Geo. W. Carpenter's
COMPOUND SYRUP OF LIVERWORT.
HEPATICA TRILOBA.

THIS plant has proved to be a safe and valuable medicine for Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Consumption, and Liver Complaints. [illegible]

Maligant Cholera Cured!

[illegible]

E. & P. Snyder

[illegible]

Watches, Jewellery, Lightning-Red Points, &c.

[illegible]
PHILIP GARRETT & SON.

Coal Grate, Fenders & Stove MANUFACTORY.

[illegible]

Pocket Book Manufactory,

[illegible]

Cheap Coffin Warehouse.

[illegible]

Watches, Jewellery, & Silver WARE.

[illegible]

Medicines, &c.

[illegible]

Book-keeping.

[illegible]
A New System of Penmanship. [illegible]

Fire Engine for Sale.

[illegible]

Interesting to Carpenters, Cabinet Makers, &c.

[illegible]
JOHN H. SLEEPER.

Patent Straw Cutters.

THE Subscriber is now prepared to receive orders for [illegible]
THOMAS SHIPLEY.

LOW & REED'S
COMPOUND CHLORINE TOOTH WASH,

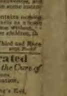
[illegible]

Medicated Cordial.

[illegible]

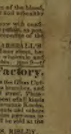
Marshall's Concentrated
Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, for the Cure of

[illegible]



Glass Cutting Factory.

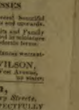
[illegible]
R. S. RISLEY.



Striking Profile
LIKENESSES

PAINTED in several beautiful styles, [illegible]
J. WILSON, [illegible]

R. & W. Wilson,
North West corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets,



RESPECTFULLY [illegible]
SILVER SPOONS, &c. [illegible]

Jacob Sennett,
Brass, Steel, Cane and Reed Manufacturer,
NO. 145 NORTH SECOND STREET,

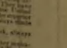
[illegible]

SWELLED BEAM

[illegible]

Notice to Manufacturers,

[illegible]



India Rubber Shoes,
With Leather Soles,

[illegible]